



AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XV. No. 10
WHOLE No. 375

JUNE 17, 1916

{ \$3.00 A YEAR
PRICE, 10 CENTS

CHRONICLE

Home News: The Chicago Conventions—The War: Bulletin, June 6, p. m.—June 13, a. m. France: President and Cardinal—Germany: Peace or the Sword. Great Britain: Kitchener's Death. Ireland: Bowen-Colthurst. Mexico: A Rotting Nation221-224

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Charities Investigation: A School for Drudges—The Popes and the Jews—XLVII—The Young Man and Mechanical Engineering—Monsters and the Middle Ages—Among the French Wounded Soldiers.....225-232

COMMUNICATIONS

Shaw Once More—The Story of a Neglected Grave—A Legion of Defense.....233

EDITORIALS

Far Beyond the Type—The New York Journal on Hell—Suicides and the Cult of Minerva—The Wonder Grows—Enter the "Spectric Poet"—The Eye of the Davises.....234-236

LITERATURE

XXVIII—Mother Juliana's "Sixteen Revelations."

REVIEWS: A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico—Dante—The Life of William McKinley—Summa Philosophiae Scholastica—The Romance of the Commonplace—The Magic of Jewels and Charms.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: "Idyls and Sketches"—"Halt! Who's There?"—"The Lightning Conductor Discovers America"—"The Border Legion"—"Union Portraits"—A Most Remarkable Conversion—"We"—"Victory in Defeat"—"The

Daughter of the Storage and Other Things in Prose and Verse"—An Unknown Master and Other Stories."

BOOKS RECEIVED.....236-240

EDUCATION

Cliff Haven.....241

SOCIOLOGY

The Test of Criminal Responsibility....241-243

NOTE AND COMMENT

Discriminating Against Catholic Schools—Retreats for Laymen and Women—Open Air Production of Verdi's "Requiem Mass"—The "Dull" Washington—Bigotry Overreaching Itself in Florida—Thomas M. Mulry on the Ozanam Association—Statistics of Protestant Missions in Latin America.....243-244

CHRONICLE

Home News.—On June 10, Charles E. Hughes of New York, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was nominated for President on the third ballot, by the

The Chicago Conventions

Republican National Convention, at Chicago. For Vice-President, the Convention nominated Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana. Mr. Hughes' resignation from the Supreme Court was at once accepted by President Wilson. In assuming the leadership of the party, Mr. Hughes said that he had not desired the nomination, but that "in this critical period of our national history, I recognize that it is [the party's] right to summon and my paramount duty to respond."

The party platform adopted on June 9, opens with a condemnation of the President's foreign policy which "has destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes." "A firm, consistent and courageous foreign policy" can alone preserve peace and assure our place among the nations. The Republican party advises "the pacific settlement of international disputes and the establishment of a world court for that purpose." On our policy in Mexico, the platform offers the following comment:

We deeply sympathize with the 15,000,000 people of Mexico, who, for three years, have seen their country devastated, their homes destroyed, their fellow-citizens murdered, and their women outraged by armed bands of desperadoes led by self-seeking, conscienceless agitators, who, when temporarily successful in any locality, have neither sought nor been able to restore order or establish and maintain peace.

We express our horror and indignation at the outrages which have been and are being perpetrated by these bandits upon American men and women, who were or are in Mexico by invitation of the laws and of the Government of that country, and whose rights to security of person and property are guaranteed by

solemn treaty obligations. We denounce the indefensible methods of interference employed by this Administration in the internal affairs of Mexico, and refer with shame to its failure to discharge the duty of this country as next friend to Mexico, its duty to other Powers who have relied upon us as such friend, and its duty to our citizens in Mexico, in permitting the continuance of such conditions, first, by failure to act promptly, and firmly, and, secondly, by lending its influence to the continuation of such conditions through recognition of one of the factions responsible for these outrages.

We pledge our aid in restoring order and maintaining peace in Mexico. We promise to our citizens on and near our border, and to those in Mexico, wherever they may be found, adequate and absolute protection in their lives, liberty, and property.

Mr. Hughes' strictures on our Mexican policy were even more severe. Seventeen other topics are embodied in the platform. The Monroe Doctrine is affirmed as "essential to the present and future peace and safety" of the country; closer relations with the countries of Latin America are favored, and the retention of the Republican "Philippine policy" is advocated. A treaty "with Russia, as with other countries, that will recognize the absolute right of expatriation" and prevent discrimination on political, racial or religious lines, is approved. A national defense, "not only adequate, but thorough and complete, ready for any emergency," is a necessity, and provision must be made for "ample reserves." The Underwood Tariff act is condemned as "a complete failure in every respect," and a protective tariff "reasonable in amount, but sufficient to protect American labor and American industries" yet prevent monopolies, is pledged. The Republican party, believing in due governmental regulation of commerce, accuses the Democrats of failing to distinguish between "prosecution" and "persecution" of delinquent corporations, and of seeking to "involve the Government in business which should be left within the sphere of private enterprise."

A merchant marine, maintained by private capital, but encouraged by the Government through "liberal compensation" in return "for services actually rendered" is recommended. The party pledges itself to a Federal child labor law; a workman's compensation law, and an accident compensation law for Government employees. The extension of the suffrage to women is favored, but the right of each State to settle the question for itself is affirmed. The other sections of the platform deal with rural credits, rural free delivery, transportation, the national budget, national conservation and civil service reform.

The proposed coalition of the Republican and Progressive forces, each in convention in Chicago at the same time, ended in failure, and on June 10, the Progressive party nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President, and John M. Parker of Louisiana for Vice-President. Pending the acceptability of Mr. Hughes' policies (June 13), Mr. Roosevelt has refused the nomination. "If Mr. Hughes' statements, when he makes them, shall satisfy the National Committee that it is for the interests of the country that he be elected, they can act accordingly and treat my refusal as definite." Otherwise, the Committee will confer with Mr. Roosevelt to "determine on whatever action we may severally deem appropriate to meet the needs of the country."

The War.—There has been a marked increase in the violence of the artillery duels along the entire Belgian front; and between the British and German forces severe artillery engagements, followed by infantry assaults have been frequent. The Germans have captured the first-line British trenches in the village of Hooze and the British have attacked the German positions southeast of Ypres, but without success. Between the Vimy Ridge and La Bassée Canal, and near the Hohenzollern redoubt, sapping operations have ended favorably for the British. In the Argonne district the French have gained some slight advantage at Haute Chevauchée.

In the Verdun region the fighting has resulted in further gains for the Germans. West of the Meuse, on both sides of Mort Homme Hill, west and southwest of Hill 304, and near Chattancourt, both sides have been on the offensive, but the situation remains unchanged. East of the Meuse, the Germans increased the number and violence of their attacks on the line that runs from Caillette Wood to Damloup, and at last, after seven days of furious efforts, not only isolated Fort Vaux but later succeeded in carrying it by storm. The slopes, west and south of the fort, are still in the hands of the French. The Germans are now concentrating their attack on the section of the line that extends between Douaumont and Thiaumont farm, and that between Fort Vaux and Damloup. Most of the latter place is now held by the Germans.

Since the capture of Monte Cengio, the Austrians have made further gains on the Asiago Highlands, have taken Monte Sisemol and Monte Castel Gomberto, and have forced the Italians to withdraw to new positions east of Asiago and east of the Campomulo Valley. In the Lagarina Valley, in the Monte Pasubio district, between the Posina and Astico Rivers, south and southwest of Arsiero, and at many points between Asiago and the Brenta Rivers there have been battles, but the Italians have been able to check the Austrian advance except in the Asiago region. In Grecian Macedonia the Bulgarians and the French have clashed at Mount Kopo, the Bulgarians being forced to retire.

Along the Dvina the Germans have bombarded the Russian positions in the lake district south of Dvinsk, and, according to Berlin, have taken the village of Kuwana. In Volhynia, Galicia and Bukowina the Russian offensive has gathered momentum, and is exerting pressure on the Austrians from the Pripet to Rumania. Only meager details of the movement are at hand, but from official reports it is clear that it extends over a front of at least 250 miles, has been generally successful and at one point has driven back the Austrians more than thirty miles. The Austrians have been obliged to retire to new positions on the Ikwa and the Styr, and to evacuate Dubno. The Russians have recaptured Lutsk. Further south they have reached and, in several places, crossed the Strypa, and have advanced to the outskirts of Czernowitz. Petrograd claims that already 114,000 prisoners have been taken.

In Armenia the Turks have been on the offensive at Baiburt but have been repulsed. They have, however, driven the Russian center further east, for the Russian force, which last week was reported twelve miles east of Mamachatun, is still retreating toward Erzerum. At Khanikin, in Persia, near the border of Mesopotamia, where the Russians and Turks have met, the fighting has resulted in a victory for the Turks who have driven back the Russians to Kasr-i-Shirin.

The German Admiralty has officially admitted the loss of the battle cruiser Lutzow and the cruiser Rostock, not during but after the battle off the coast of Jutland, while on the way to the harbor for repairs. "The total loss of the German high sea forces during the battle of May 31-June 1, and the following time are: one battle cruiser, one ship of the line of older construction, four small cruisers, and five torpedo boats." The statement denies that the battle was in any way a British victory, and declares that "the British main fleet was forced to turn round and it never again came within sight of our forces."

France.—Through the initiative of a committee of lawyers entitled to practise before the Paris Court of Appeals, a funeral service was held in the last days of May for the members of the Parisian Bar who were killed at the front. These number already 104. The ser-

President and
Cardinal

vice, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was held, has caused a national interest. Permission had been asked and obtained from the authorities to reopen for the occasion the shrine of La Sainte Chapelle, which for some time has been closed to public worship. This famous monument, the masterpiece of French Gothic architecture, is enclosed within the precincts of the Palais de Justice. The President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, himself a member of the Parisian Bar, accompanied by Madame Poincaré, and surrounded by the most eminent jurists of the capital, assisted at the ceremony. After the Mass, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, addressed the President of the Republic, the President of the Paris Bar and the distinguished guests. He paid a simple but heartfelt tribute to the bravery and the generosity of their dead confrères. He officially thanked the public authorities for reopening for the occasion the beautiful shrine so dear to the memory of all Frenchmen. He emphasized for the hour of national distress which faced them the need of that "sacred union," which the President of the Republic had been the first to invoke. He reminded his hearers that their dead friends were praying for them and the country. Human means and human agencies, he said, had already done much for France in the great struggle now going on. He added:

But there is a force superior to all these human forces, and whose help is necessary to make them fully effective. It is the force and the power of Him who is the Supreme Master of all things, the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of individuals as of nations.

The Cardinal's address was listened to with profound attention and respect. One incident of the ceremony was especially noted. The Cardinal welcomed the President of the Republic at the portal of La Sainte Chapelle, and both cordially shook hands. *La Croix* warns its readers not to lay too much stress on this act of courtesy. It adds:

We hope that this meeting, following as it does the imposing manifestation of "sacred union" lately given at the funeral of Cardinal Sevin, may allow us to look forward to the day when, throughout the length and breadth of France, the civil powers will adopt towards the religious authorities that attitude which is absolutely necessary in a country where religious freedom is not an empty word.

This wish will find an echo in many hearts.

Germany.—Important utterances explaining Germany's attitude toward peace were made recently by the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag. "In the critical time of July, 1914," he said, "it was the duty of every responsible statesman before God, his country and his conscience, to leave nothing untried that could preserve peace with honor." The charges brought against him on this score he could confidently refer to a Higher Tribunal and "await God's judgment calmly." On December 6, 1915, he had spoken for the first time of Germany's

readiness for peace, because he could do so then in entire confidence that her war situation would continue to improve. "Developments have confirmed this confidence. We have made progress on all fronts. We are stronger than before." Germany's peace offer nevertheless had evoked no response. The Allies were not willing to accept the only basis upon which peace negotiations could be conducted, namely, the real war situation as shown by the war map. "This was rejected by the other side. They will not recognize the war map, as they hope to improve it in their own favor. But it has constantly changed in our favor." His remark that, since two peace suggestions have already met with no response by the Allies, it would be futile and harmful for Germany to make any further overtures, was received in the Reichstag with even greater acclaim than any of his previous utterances. Some statesmen in England, he thought, believed that Germany's offensive was near the breaking point. "These gentlemen are indulging in strange notions." Of the unity and determination of the German people there was no doubt. If their peace offers were scorned they would yield to no difficulties, fearing God alone:

My belief in my people and my love for my people give me a conviction firm as a rock that we shall fight and conquer as we have fought and conquered hitherto. We fear neither death nor devil, not even the hunger devil which they wish to send into our country. The men who fight around Verdun, who fight under Hindenburg, our proud bluejackets who showed Albion that rats bite, are fashioned from a breed that knows how to bear privations also. These privations are here. I admit it calmly and openly, even to foreign countries, but we will bear them. In this great fight against hunger we will also make progress. The harvest will not be worse, but better, than in the previous hard year. This calculation of our enemies on our economic difficulties will prove deceptive.

He knew, he said, that the success of the young German navy did not mean that England was beaten. "But it is a token of our future wherein Germany will win, for herself and also for smaller peoples, full equality of right and lasting freedom of sea routes, now closed by England's sole domination."

Great Britain.—On June 5, Earl Kitchener, the British Secretary of War, and his staff were lost at sea, off the west coast of the Orkney Islands. The Secretary was on

his way to Russia, to discuss important military and financial questions with the Emperor Nicholas. An hour after he had gone aboard the Hampshire, the ship was sunk, probably by a mine. The late Field-Marshal, the son of an English army officer, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on June 24, 1850. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to school in Switzerland, and in 1868, entered the Military Academy at Woolwich. His first campaign was with the French army in the Franco-Prussian war; and during the next forty years, he saw active service in Egypt, South Africa and India. Many honors came to him. Horatio Herbert Kitchener, O.M., was first Earl Kitchener of Khartum and of Broome; Vis-

count of Khartum, of the Vaal and Aspull, Viscount Broome of Broome, Baron Denton of Denton, Knight of the Garter, Knight Grand Commander of the Indian Empire, of the Star of India, of the Bath, and of St. Michael and St. George; Knight of St. Patrick, Privy Councillor, Doctor of Laws of Oxford, and sometime Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. His most recent and perhaps his greatest work was to recruit and equip an army for service in the present war. Kitchener's most prominent characteristics were his silence, his unbreakable perseverance and his utter disregard for public opinion. "E's no talker," said a cockney non-commissioned officer who had served under him for many years, "Not 'im. 'E's all steel and hicc." His sudden death, although the manner of it befitted a man who for more than forty years had given his best to his country, has created a deep and sorrowful impression even among those who had bitterly criticised his methods with the army. "So ends, with distressing suddenness," writes the *Mail*, one of the leaders of the opposition, "a career of romantic distinction which had assumed extraordinary significance in the estimation of his countrymen." The *Times*, another hostile journal, comments:

It was his doggedness in doing his work that won him the popular trust, because it was akin to the nation's own temperament. He had none of the gifts by which politicians win favor. He was no orator, he did not court the multitude, he had few friends. It was in strange loneliness that he trod the path of duty with stern and unwavering purpose.

Pending the appointment of Kitchener's successor, the business of the department is in the hands of the Premier. Sir William Robertson, Lloyd George, Lord Milner and Lord Derby have been suggested for the post.

Ireland.—On June 6, in Dublin, the prosecution began the presentation of its case at the court-martial of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, charged with shooting F. Sheehy Skeffington, editor of the *Irish Citizen*, Thomas Dickson and Frederick McIntyre, during the recent uprising.

According to the statement of the prosecuting officer, Captain Bowen-Colthurst took the three men from the guard-room with the remark, "I am going to shoot them, as I think it the right thing to do." Informed by the orderly then on duty, the Adjutant-General sent a message to Captain Colthurst, but it is not known whether the message reached him. At all events, declared the prosecuting officer, Skeffington, Dickson and McIntyre were taken to the yard and shot by a firing-squad of seven men. Several officers testified that they had been on duty seventy-two hours at this time, and that Captain Colthurst showed signs of excitement and did not act in his usual manner. One officer said that after the shooting, he noticed a movement in Skeffington's body and told the Captain of it. At the command of the latter, another volley was fired into the body. Testimony was also adduced that the accused had told Major Roxburgh, then in command at the Portobello Barracks, that

he had shot the men on his own responsibility, and that he would probably hang for it. General Bird, the chief witness for the defense, testified that Captain Bowen-Colthurst disobeyed orders during the Mons retreat and had been suspended. The Captain's company had been ordered to retire, but the Captain had ordered it forward. This, according to the witness, showed his incapacity. Medical testimony was then taken to indicate the unbalanced state of the officer's mind. The court-martial reconvened on June 10, and according to a Central News dispatch from Dublin, pronounced Captain Bowen-Colthurst guilty but insane at the time of the shooting. Owing to the circumstance of insanity, the guilty officer will probably be ordered "interned during the King's pleasure." The shooting of Skeffington aroused, as is well known, a storm of protest and indignation. Of Thomas Dickson not much as yet seems to be known. Of Frederick McIntyre, the *Irish Weekly Independent* has this to say: "During the last three years Mr. McIntyre, in his paper, opposed Larkinism and the 'Citizen Army,' and supported recruiting. If this man was shot a horrible blunder was committed."

Mexico.—Present conditions in this wretched country are aptly described in the following letter written by a Mexican who has seen every phase of the revolution which has been so sedulously fostered by the United States:

A Rotting Nation

There is a chance of getting a letter to you and I must not miss it, for the present news is important. Conditions are growing worse and worse every day. The Carranzistas are in a bad way. The Zapatistas have driven them from Morelos again and are attacking them on all sides, near Mexico City and in neighboring districts. The Felicistas are threatening Puebla, Orizaba and Vera Cruz. Besides, divisions among the Carranzistas are numerous and serious and bankruptcy is imminent. It is said here that the United States has lost patience and that intervention is near. There is great fear that the bandits will do something desperate before losing power. I know for certain that the Lodges sent out a document three days ago insisting that everything possible be done to bring about the ruin of religion, the clergy and churches in this city, as was done in Merida and in other places. In the meantime, starvation is staring us in the face. Milk has gone up to four pesos a liter and all other articles are high in proportion. The poor are suffering acutely. In God's name, why does your country treat us so? Does it mean to stand for pillage of the very worst kind? Murder is a trifling crime here. A dreadful story has just been brought to Mexico City from Cuantla, by a Carranzista officer. He bragged that the bandits hung the parish priest of Cuantla in the public square, after taking a ransom from him. This priest was one of my friends, a most excellent man, who used all his power to mitigate some of the horrors of the revolution. He had been the parish priest of Villa de Ayala, the birthplace of the stable-boy, Zapata, whom Americans appear to consider another George Washington. The priest knew the Zapatas well, and knew the genesis and nature of their revolution. I feel a pang at the thought of his horrid death, and I am hoping against hope that the story is not true, for Carranza and his tribe are congenital liars. In the meantime we are watching our beloved country fairly rotting away.

Thus Mexico is kept on the cross by a policy that is past understanding.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Charities Investigation: A School for Drudges

SCARLET and white and pink and blue, like a bevy of butterflies they danced and floated across Fifth Avenue, on their way to the Park. From the top of an Avenue bus I viewed them; and for the moment was tempted to throw off the burden of some thirty years, climb down, and join them. Pleasant indeed is it, of a rare day in June, to look at the pools and flowers of Central Park through the clear eyes of a child; pleasant always, to find in the clinging, trustful touch of a little hand, some memory, sweet yet poignant, of the days when love smoothed every path for our childish feet, when, innocent of the world, we saw in none an enemy, but in every one a friend. But time and tide wait for no man, and the stop-system of the Fifth Avenue buses is known only to the initiate. Thus were the butterflies saved the presence of a dragon, but as we passed the Cathedral I was still thinking of these children and of their school. For they came from St. Joseph's Home at Eighty-first Street and Madison Avenue; most of them were orphans, all of them dependents.

You who have done me the honor of following these papers on the maligned Catholic institutions of New York, will recall that, even as in the mind of Mr. Doherty and the head-liners, Mount Loretto is an Oliver Twist school and the Dominican Convent in the glorious Nyack hill country, a nest of poisoners, so St. Joseph's Home, in the heart of Manhattan, is a "School for Drudges." Yet, "I don't think these children look like little drudges," remarked a newspaper man to me, at my second visit on June 4. "I've been all over the house, too," he continued, "and I want to say that while I've got a nice little home myself, these children seem to have all that my children have, 'and then some.' As for that playground that Doherty called a 'barren court,' why, just look at those trees, will you?" This sums up the case accurately. In this school the children are cared for, body and mind and soul, by intelligent and devoted religious women; their home is immaculately clean, the classrooms well equipped, their playgrounds and recreation facilities, within and without the house, ample. The impression, which must come home even to the casual visitor, that the children are in most excellent keeping, will be deepened if he will take the time to make a thorough examination of the institution.

The most serious accusation made against the Convent before the Strong Commission, is that the Sisters "force the children to do the drudgery of the house." Premising that the statement is an absolute falsehood, it may be interesting to trace its origin. In the report of an inspection made on September 23, 1914, by Deputy Commissioner Doherty, Dr. Bernstein, Dr. Reeder, Miss Robins, Miss McCann and Miss Schmidt, the following statements are found (Pp. 39, 40, 47, 48):

At the present time there are so employed [in institution industries] eighteen girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age whose only education consists of one hour's schooling in the evening, from 7:30 to 8:30 after a hard day's work. In many of these cases, the daily program commences as early as 6 o'clock in the morning. . . . It is very strongly urged on the Sisters of Mercy that they immediately abolish the deplorable practice of exacting cheap labor from a group of defenseless girls from fourteen years of age and over, who are actually rendering from eight to nine hours' daily service.

On March 9, 1915, a reinspection was made by Mr. Doherty, Dr. Reeder, Dr. Bernstein, Dr. Stevens, Mr. Brooks, Miss Kennedy, and Miss Schmidt. The charge reappears in a modified form (Pp. 28-29):

At the time of the reinvestigation, there were only six girls assigned to part-time educational classes. [Out of 396 children. Compare with the crowded part-time public schools of New York!] These girls receive two hours' scholastic instruction a day. . . . They are permitted to join cooking classes, also the dress-making classes. . . . The same six girls have been selected as members of the Dramatic Club. . . . The committee cannot help strongly urging the Institution of Mercy to abandon altogether the policy of using children over fourteen years of age for utilitarian purposes of the institution without giving them a *quid pro quo*.

Finally, we have the pathetic picture reproduced in the newspapers. The following is taken from the New York *Herald* of February 4, 1916:

Mr. Doherty said that the main objection to the institution was the practice of making the girls *do all the drudgery of the institution*, some of them working eight and nine hours a day carrying wet clothes from the laundry and doing other hard work.

Apart from imagination, where is the truth? First of all, these girls, *six* out of 396, whose only schooling, we are asked to believe, consisted of an hour's instruction after a day of drudgery, had, with a few exceptions hereafter to be noted, complied with the law *requiring a school record* for working papers. So much for the first statement. But what of the exceptions? Mr. Dooley has wisely said that any father can send his son to college, but that not even President Eliot can make him think. This was precisely the case with these exceptions. They were children of a mentality which does not readily engage itself with books. So Mother Genevieve described them under oath (*Testimony* p. 3661), and Sister Mary Chrysostom, the school principal, deposed (*Testimony*, p. 3741) that, in her opinion, "this [i. e., a certain amount of light domestic work] was the best thing for the children to do." Furthermore, not a single child is applied to this work *against her will*; Sister Chrysostom testified under oath (*Testimony*, p. 3741), that "the children had begged her to be allowed to do it." Is there here the slightest trace of anything like "cheap labor *extracted* from defenseless girls?" The intelligent devotion of Mother Genevieve to her charges is patent; and as for Sister Chrysostom, who has been teaching for forty-one years, I do not hesitate to rank her opinion of what should be done with backward girls,

immeasurably above the opinion of the "expert" theorist, Dr. Reeder. It is educational heresy, I know, even to hint that some children are not made for books. But *et ego in Arcadia*; I have been a teacher myself, and I know that it is waste of time to try to polish brick. It can't be done. By the summary processes of compulsory education, many an excellent cook is spoiled to make a poor stenographer, and not a few lawyers now hungry, might have been contented tinsmiths, opulent on three meals a day, a little home in the suburbs, and a family cow, had they not been compelled to sip with reluctant youthful lip from the Pierian Spring. As I view the matter, the Sisters applied an admirable solution to a difficult problem; my only regret is, that a fault-finding inspectorship seems to have necessitated its partial abandonment.

To say, then, that these children are forced to do the "drudgery of the house," which in many "cases . . . commences as early as 6 o'clock in the morning," or that condemned to hard labor, they "are on active duty from eight to nine hours a day," is, to employ a restrained manner of speaking, injudicious. *One of the older girls* (compère Doherty's "in many cases") who helped to dress the children, began this deadening, soul-destroying work at six in the morning. Moreover, the work, as was deposed on oath (*Testimony*, p. 3668), was not drudgery. If it were, plainly the children would not have asked for it. The hours for work were well distributed throughout the day. They attained in some instances a maximum of six and one-half hours, never eight or nine hours. In the light of these facts, easily accessible to the investigators, the recommendation of the Doherty Report, advising these good Sisters to "abolish the deplorable practice of exacting cheap labor from a group of defenseless girls . . . who are actually rendering from eight to nine hours' daily service"; and the smug statement in the Reinspection Report (p. 29), that the Sisters had *partly* abolished a cruel practice of which they had *never* been guilty, can only be characterized as false, insolent and shameless.

In connection with the "cheap labor" question, the Doherty Report becomes lachrymose over "the regrettable lack of play-facilities for the children (p. 34). Of course the "experts" made no mention of Miss C. M. Conway, who for nearly five years has taught folk-dancing and games, including the usual setting-up exercises twice a day, and gymnastics in Mr. Doherty's "barren court" in fair weather. Perhaps this accusation is best met by a quotation from the *New York Herald* for February 4, 1916. I can vouch for its truth, save as to the size of the "park" which should be reduced by about one-half:

I examined the outdoor playground which Mr. Doherty called "a barren court." It is a charming little city park, covering nearly a city block. Though it is paved with concrete, thus suggesting, perhaps, a court, it is shaded in summer time by a dozen or more fine old trees, under the boughs of which are

numerous swings, recreation benches, tables, and such picnic paraphernalia as children delight in. Another count in Mr. Doherty's indictment was that "facilities for indoor play are lacking," and that the Home "was deficient in facilities for entertainment." There is a superb assembly hall, commodious and airy. At one end it has a little stage with scenery, curtain, wings and flies. . . . Most unusual of all in this place "devoid of all means of entertainment," I found a first-class motion-picture apparatus in a fireproof enclosure, and a good selection of films, some of them educational, but many others amusing rather than strictly instructive.

I may add that, on occasions, the older children are taken to lectures at the Museum of Natural History and elsewhere, and on visits to the neighboring Metropolitan Museum of Art; and that all have regular outings in the country, in the parks, and at the seaside. And may I whisper that at the recent Shakespearean revival, a party from St. Joseph's greatly enjoyed Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice"?

I have said a word of the classrooms, and I may here remark that the quality of the teaching seems to me distinctly good. These helpless little drudges have a graded course in domestic science, conducted in a fully-equipped laboratory, and presided over by a capable young woman, Miss Elizabeth Green, who holds her certificate from New York University. I examined a number of laboratory books, taken up at random, and found them neatly, and, so far as I, not a cook, might judge, accurately kept. This course was opened in 1913. Every child beginning with 3B devotes at least two hours a week to sewing in a regular prescribed course. More fortunate than Dr. Bernstein who claims (*Doherty Report*, p. 39), that none of the "samples" indicated "workmanship of a high order," I saw some very beautiful specimens of the children's work. I do not know the basis of Dr. Bernstein's judgment, but Sister Mary Chrysostom testified (*Testimony*, p. 3732), that although more than a hundred specimens were exhibited in a large room, Dr. Bernstein never looked at them.

This lengthy insistence upon the obvious philosophy of Corin that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; and that Catholic Sisters do not maltreat helpless little children, grows tedious. I omit, therefore, certain petty complaints touching the food which are refuted by the very documents on which Mr. Hotchkiss bases his criticism (*Doherty Report*, pp. 27-29; *Reinspection Report*, pp. 21-24), and pass on to the consideration of a serious matter affecting the relations of all our Catholic institutions for dependent or delinquent children, with the Department of Charities of the City of New York. So far as I know, this fundamental question has never been formally discussed. In the course of my investigations, suspicion has grown to subjective certainty that knowingly or otherwise, divers recommendations insisted upon in the Department's Reports, particularly by Dr. Bernstein, constitute a direct attack upon the very foundations of

supernatural religion. These recommendations deal with the formation of certain clubs and societies.

Now, however far we may fall below the attainment of our ideals, Catholics know that the one supreme aim and end in life, is to save our immortal souls. That is why the Cross of Christ surmounts our churches in every land; why, in our poverty, we build schools in which Christ alone is King, hospitals where life's last bitter moments may be soothed by the Blood of Christ our Redeemer, orphanages and homes in which the pitiful, broken little flowers of our race, may once more bloom and blossom in the sunshine of the love of Jesus Christ. *Christo Redemptori*, "For Christ, our Saviour," is our inspiration, our ideal, our support. We do not reject natural aids to the attainment of life's truest purpose, but we do not substitute them for prayer and the Sacraments. These are first. Morning and night and throughout the day, in all Catholic institutions, the hands of our children are raised in prayer to God our Father; day after day, into thousands of innocent hearts, the Lord Christ comes, there to dwell by His Eucharistic presence; instructions are given daily on the precepts of the Gospel by men and women consecrated to God; and all this, that from the beginning of conscious life, these little ones may be imbued with the beautiful, all-sufficing lesson, that we must love God above all else, and for His sake, our neighbor as ourselves.

Yet what recognition is ever given this superb work by our charity "experts"? None; or the recognition of a sneer. "It is *claimed* that the chaplain is of considerable assistance . . . in the moral talks he gives the girls," writes the Jew, Dr. Bernstein, of St. Joseph's Home. "The children are not consulted on questions of morality in conference, or otherwise" (*Inspection Report*, p. 32). Appreciation of the moral value of prayer, catechism and the Sacraments, may not, perhaps, be reasonably looked for in Bernstein, or in Kingsbury. But what of the "devout Catholic" Doherty?

Thus discounting the special value of Catholic training, based on prayer and the Sacraments, another more vital and far-reaching agency of moral uplift is continually dinned into the ears of our religious. It is nothing less than the "Big Brothers" and the "Big Sisters"! They can "very well be used to develop a *higher sense of morality* among the children," writes Dr. Bernstein, in his Report on St. Joseph's Home (p. 45). Higher, mind you, than the present moral code, based on faith, perfected in the child by prayer and the Sacraments. In the Blauvelt Report this same gentleman, by an impudent assumption, strongly urges these clubs "for the purpose of *raising the moral standards* of the institution," and fatuously announces that "the moral and spiritual possibilities of such clubs are practically *unlimited*" (p. 43, p. 48). What is this, but the apotheosis of the secularizing spirit that finds its god in man and therefore "dissolveth Jesus"? Will this insidious attack upon the Faith of our children fail? The answer de-

pends upon the practical devotion of every Catholic in New York to the Church and to her maligned institutions.

Long ago, secularism triumphantly thrust God out of the school. Its progress is now thrusting Him out of the home. At the opening of this twentieth century, it is proposed to invoke the authority of the State to thrust Him from the heart and life of the dependent child. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," pleads the Heart of Christ. That is the ultimate issue in this whole controversy. God grant that no lust for petty station or passing power may induce the Catholic citizens of this land to lend their aid to the further spread of the kingdom of darkness.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

The Popes and the Jews

AS Catholics have long been, on account of their religion, the victims of misrepresentation, slander and persecution, they should be the last to countenance by word or deed any such excesses against men of other creeds. While proclaiming the Divine commission of the Church to which they belong, fighting for her rights and striving by prayer and good example to bring others into her fold, they should never forget that one of the noblest virtues which their Faith enjoins, is love and charity to all men. Religious hatred and bigotry should be odious to them. Our fathers have passed through those scorching flames. We earnestly pray that others may never have to suffer the same bitter pangs. We sincerely and heartily condemn religious persecution in every shape and form.

Among the lessons which our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, has impressed upon a world dazed by almost unimaginable scenes of strife and bloodshed, we find this all-important precept. In his answer to the petition of the American Jewish Committee begging him to use his moral and religious influence in behalf of their suffering brethren in various belligerent lands, the Holy Father, through his Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, after stating that he was unable to express his opinion concerning the special facts mentioned in the memorial, said:

. . . In principle, as the head of the Catholic Church, which considers all men as brethren and teaches them to love one another, he will not cease to inculcate the observance among individuals as among nations of the principles of natural right, and to reprove every violation of them. This right should be observed and respected in relation to the Children of Israel as it should be as to all men, for it would not conform to justice and to religion itself to derogate therefrom solely because of a difference of religious faith.

Moreover, . . . the Supreme Pontiff feels in this moment more deeply than ever, the necessity that all men shall recollect that they are brothers and that their salvation lies in the return of the law of love, which is the law of the Gospels.

The answer is worthy of the traditions of the Papacy. The petitioners themselves recalled with gratitude, that in

the past, several of the predecessors of his Holiness had extended their protection to those of the Jewish faith, in the interest of right and justice.

The history of the Papacy extends over well-nigh two thousand years, and during all that time the conduct of the Popes toward the Jews has been far more tolerant and humane than was that of contemporary rulers. In the Decretals (*v, vi, 9*) under the name of Clement III (1190), we find the famous Bull *Sicut Judæis*, which might be called the Jewish Bill of Rights. The Pope who first promulgated it, seems to have been Nicholas II (1061). The Bull was renewed by Calixtus II, Eugenius III, Alexander III, Clement III, Celestine III, Innocent III, Gregory IX, Innocent IV, Urban IV, Martin V, Eugenius IV, and several others. It is a fairly liberal document and protects the members of the outlawed race in essential human rights. Under pain of excommunication, it forbids baptizing them against their will, killing or wounding them, injuring their property, interfering with their religious ceremonies, etc. Should adult Jews be baptized against their will, their baptism is considered invalid, and children must not be baptized without the consent of their parents or guardians. Moreover, Jews were to be left in tranquil possession of their synagogues, though as a rule, not permitted to build new ones. But Alexander III allowed their houses of worship to be repaired. Paul IV, who dealt severely with the Jews, decreed that they could have but one synagogue in each city or locality where they dwelt. Many Popes, however, abrogated the more rigorous decrees. And the Protestant Basnage informs us that in his day (1653-1723), there were 9 synagogues in Rome, 19 in the Roman Campagna, 12 in the remainder of the Patrimony of St. Peter, besides 36 in the March of Ancona.

The Popes have ever condemned the persecution of the Jew. They have always proclaimed his right to life, property, freedom of conscience and worship. But the Church is the depository of the Faith, and the Popes are its guardians. They saw that at times Judaism was a real peril to the faith of Christians and they placed certain restrictions on the practice of the Jewish religion. Thus, for instance, the children of Israel were not allowed to make proselytes or to have Christian slaves. At times, they were forbidden to live in familiar intercourse with the Faithful, and Paul IV, while never infringing on their essential rights, confined them in Rome to one quarter of the city, the well-known Ghetto. The Papacy, according to Rodocanachi, in his book, "*Le Saint-Siège et les Juifs*," always endeavored to treat with justice and equity the Jews dwelling in the Eternal City, though it felt at the same time, a certain mistrust "of these suspicious guests." And in his "*History of the Jews*," Basnage tells us that the dealings of the Popes with them were milder than those of other sovereigns; that they favored the persecuted race, made some of its members their treasurers, gave them special privileges and left them liberty of conscience. And to their credit, the Jews in

Rome, when under Arnold of Brescia, Crescenzo, Stephen Porcari and Cola di Rienzi, revolt seethed in the city, remained loyal subjects of the Holy See.

To use the words of Lord Rothschild in his letter to Cardinal Merry del Val, October 7, 1913, Jews thankfully remember "that a great number of Sovereign Pontiffs on a great many occasions extended their generous protection to their persecuted coreligionists." How different this opinion from that of the usually discriminating New York *Sun* which finds the present Pope's charity toward the Jew a marvelous reversal of the policies of his predecessors. The *Sun* has forgotten the liberal statesmen of the Vatican. Let us recall one or two. When the synagogues of Palermo had been damaged by the populace, Pope St. Gregory (590-604) held Bishop Victor responsible and forced him to make restitution; and when an over-zealous convert from Judaism had forcibly taken possession of a synagogue in Sardinia, the Pope ordered it to be at once restored to its rightful owners. The persecuted Jews of Spain found a friend in Alexander II, for writing to the Spanish Bishops, he says: "We have just heard with pleasure, that you have protected the Jews who dwell in your midst, preventing them from being killed by those who have entered Spain against the Saracens." About the middle of the fourteenth century, that mysterious pestilence, the Black Death, one of the most terrible scourges that ever devastated Europe, was gathering its frightful harvest. Popular superstition blindly and unreasonably looked upon the Jews as its authors. Where they were not killed and indiscriminately massacred, they were plundered and sent into exile. But as Froissart tells us, and his testimony is confirmed by contemporary documents, Clement VI made heroic efforts to save them, called them to Avignon, where the Popes then resided, and gave the wretched outcasts a shelter and a home. In Popes like Innocent VII, Martin V, Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII and Paul III, they found generous defenders. When in 1891, the Christian population of Corfu, owing to an accusation of "ritual murder" brought against the Jewish population, threatened it with all the violence of mob-law, Leo XIII exhorted the clergy to allay the fury. This accusation of ritual murder, the murder namely of a Christian, and preferably of a Christian child, as an official act prescribed out of hatred of Christianity by the Jewish Law, the Jewish liturgy or a Jewish sect, has ever been keenly resented by the whole nation. But even Popes who, like Paul IV, St. Pius V and Clement VIII, charged the Jews with usury, theft and magic, never accused them of this odious crime, while scholars like Thurston declare that Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V, Paul III, have entirely exonerated them from it.

Impartial history cannot so easily clear the Jews of other charges. But for their crimes, national and individual, they have cruelly suffered. It is time that the age-long persecution under which they have groaned, and which the

Catholic Church and her Pontiffs ever tried to mitigate, should cease. The Jew may be grasping, selfish, cold-hearted and proud, but his sorrows and tragic woes, even when caused by his own fault, should stir a sympathetic chord in every heart. Christians and Catholics, to whom the names of the Prophets and Seers of Israel are household words, who adore as their God One who came in the veiled form and majesty of a Son of David, who revere a daughter of Judah as the Virgin Mother of the Saviour of the world, should deem it a crime and a sin, not to exercise toward the Jew Christian charity.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

XLVII—The Young Man and Mechanical Engineering

MECHANICAL engineering is that branch of the science and art of engineering which relates especially to machinery. It is closely allied to all other classes of engineering inasmuch as there is hardly an occupation or industry in which machines of some sort are not directly or indirectly concerned, and it is often for this reason difficult to draw the line clearly between one class and the other. In its strictest sense mechanical engineering relates simply to the design of machines. In its broad sense it covers not only their design, but all matters relating to their proper construction and operation. In its common application it has for its scope both the design and construction of machines required for performing certain desired operations, and in addition the design and operation of the complete industrial plant, of which the individual machines form a part, and the construction of the plant in such a manner as to secure the most successful accomplishment of the end for which the plant is built.

A large part of the mechanical engineering of the present day consists in the assembling of machinery to produce certain desired results, rather than in designing machinery itself. In many cases, the machinery has already been designed and constructed by engineers of the past and the perfected machine can be had by purchase in the market. This class of mechanical engineering covers a wide field. Its scope includes the engineering required in a large, modern hotel or office-building. The mechanical plant of such an establishment embraces a great variety of machinery, among the most important of which are the machines and appliances required for power, heating, ventilation, lighting, elevator service, distribution of hot and cold water, fire protection and, in the case of a hotel, cooking.

In the same class of mechanical engineering as that referred to above is that involved in the design and construction of industrial plants of various kinds, such as cotton or woolen-mills, bleacheries, paper-mills, rubber-mills, machinery and other manufactories. This branch of the profession is commonly known as industrial engineering. In all of these cases, the elementary parts consist of the power-plant, which is sometimes operated

by steam, sometimes by water, and often by both; the machines in the mill or manufactories, and the pulleys, shafting, and belting required to transmit power from one place to another. The work of the mechanical engineer in these plants consists in properly assembling the various machines so as to perform their functions, the selection of an appropriate power-plant and the proper design and arrangement of the transmitting apparatus required for operating them.

The work of the mechanical engineer is also of paramount importance in the construction of steamships. Not only does the design of the boilers and engines on which the whole operation of the ship depends originate with him, but he is also concerned in the design, location and connection of the multitude of auxiliary steam appliances which abound throughout the vessel and which contribute so much to the comfort of the passengers. The modern steamship is required to contain all the appointments of a first-class hotel. By reason of the contracted space in which the machinery is necessarily placed, the services of a mechanical engineer are more imperative in a ship's design and construction than in a hotel's.

Having now given some explanation regarding the character of the profession of mechanical engineering, the question naturally arises as to the qualifications needed to make a success of such a profession. It is scarcely necessary to say that the one who adopts this profession should do so not merely as a means of livelihood, but because his tastes lie in the direction of mechanical pursuits, if, indeed he does not love the profession for its own sake. No one should enter the profession who is not fond of machinery, who is not a "born mechanic" as the expression is, or who is not deeply interested, to say the least, in every kind of machine. But apart from natural inclinations, there are qualifications that especially fit one for the work of a mechanical engineer. The aspirant to success should have a technical education, such as can be obtained in any of the recognized technical schools of the country, in order to be thoroughly grounded in the principles of mechanics. He should not only understand these principles but he should know them by heart. He may or he may not remember the formula derived from a principle, but the principle itself should always be at his command. He should be familiar with mathematics, geometry and trigonometry. He should know the strength of materials and be able to calculate the strains occurring in structures and in machines, both at rest and in motion, so that he may design them with the proper amount of strength, or, if already designed, so that he may be able to prove that they are of sufficient strength for any purpose for which he may desire to use them. He should know their behavior under varying conditions; he should be able to detect their points of weakness and know the best methods of strengthening them when they fail.

Moreover, he should be a draughtsman and an inventor.

He should know the processes involved in the work of the pattern-maker, founder, blacksmith and machinist. He should know how to erect machinery, and how to operate it after erection. He should know the practices of the trade, the various articles concerned in mechanical operations which can be bought in the market, and, in a general way, their cost. He should be familiar with the different kinds of boilers, engines, pumps, water-wheels, etc., in the market and their relative advantages, and not the least in importance he should be grounded in the principles of steam-engineering and in the laws which pertain to the generation and use of steam, not only for the operation of engines of various kinds but for the various kinds of steam-heating. He should be well versed in hydraulic, pneumatic and electrical machinery. He should know the construction and operation of the various machines of the plant he has assembled, that he may be able to judge of the correctness of their design and construction and whether they perform their functions in a proper manner, and according to the specified requirements. In a word, the mechanical engineer must be skilled by observation, by study and by experience in the science and art of his calling, a task requiring persistent effort.

What the future offers to a person choosing the profession of mechanical engineering largely depends, of course, on the ability of the man himself. The broad scope of the profession furnishes ample indication that there is a wide field of work for him. If the young engineer becomes connected with an industrial business of sufficient size and importance to warrant the steady employment of a mechanical engineer, and if he shows the necessary ability, there is opportunity for him to push forward to a position of responsibility which will command a good salary and satisfy any ordinary ambition. If his desire is to establish an engineering business of his own, he can make the emoluments greater than in a salaried position, provided he is able to secure the necessary clientele, and conduct the business skilfully. If this is his ambition the wisest course for him to pursue is to enter the office of a successful engineer, and spend a few years in learning the business. Then, if he has the acquaintance and aptitude necessary for attracting business to himself, he can set up his own establishment and by careful attention to the execution of his work strive for the success he seeks. In mechanical engineering, as in other professions, large emoluments await the men who rise to the top, for they are the engineers who are called upon by individuals and corporations for advice.

The profession of mechanical engineering offers as many attractions to those entering it as any other profession. In this, as in others, there is always room for those who excel, for no professional man meets with success unless his work commands it, and if his work commands it nothing will prevent him for attaining complete and lasting success.

EMILE G. PERROT.

Monsters and the Middle Ages

I DO not remember to have read anywhere an adequate and comprehensive account of the fabulous monsters so much written of in the Middle Ages. Such studies as I have seen suffered from the three or four strange and senseless blunders which throttle all our thought on such subjects.

The primary blunder, of course, is that comic one to which students like Mr. Frazer have lent, or rather pawned, their authority. I mean the absurd notion that in matters of the imagination men have any need to copy from each other. Poems and poetic tales tend to be a little alike, not because Hebrews were really Chaldeans, nor because Christians were really Pagans, but because men are really men. Because there is, in spite of all the trend of modern thought, such a thing as man and the brotherhood of men. Anyone who has really looked at the moon might have called the moon a virgin and a huntress without ever having heard of Diana. Anyone who had ever looked at the sun might call it the god of oracles and of healing without having heard of Apollo. A man in love, walking about in a garden, compares a woman to a flower, and not to an earwig; though an earwig also was made by God, and has many superiorities in point of education and travel. To hear some people talk, one would think that the love of flowers had been imposed by some long priestly tradition, and the love of earwigs forbidden by some fearful tribal taboo.

The second great blunder is to suppose that such fables, even when they really are borrowed from older sources, are used in an old, tired and customary spirit. When the soul really wakes it always deals directly with the nearest things. If, let us say, a man woke up in bed from a celestial dream which told him to go on painting till all was blue, he would begin by painting himself blue, then his bed blue, and so on. But he would be using all the machinery that came to hand; and that is exactly what always happens in real spiritual revolutions. They work by their environment even when they alter it.

Thus, when professors tell us that the Christians "borrowed" this or that fable or monster from the heathens, it is as if people said that a bricklayer had "borrowed" his bricks from clay, or a chemist had "borrowed" his explosives from chemicals; or that the Gothic builders of Lincoln or Beauvais had "borrowed" the pointed arch from the thin lattices of the Moors. Perhaps they did borrow it, but (by Heaven!) they paid it back.

Five or six other similar errors need not detain us now. For upon these two rests the essential error about, let us say, unicorns; which, after all, is our chief affair in life. The mystical monsters talked of in the Middle Ages had most of them, no doubt, a tradition older than Christianity. I do not admit this because many of the most eminent authorities would say so. As Swinburne said in his conversation with Persephone, "I have lived long enough to have known one thing"; that eminent men

means successful men, and that successful men really hate Christianity. But it is evident from the general tradition of life and letters. I think that someone in the Old Testament says that the unicorn is a very difficult animal to catch; and certainly it has not been caught yet. If nobody has yet said that in this case "unicorn" must mean rhinoceros, somebody will soon, but it shall not be I. But though it is probably true that many of these medieval monsters were of pagan origin, this truth, which is always repeated, is far less startling than another truth that is always ignored.

The monster of the pagan fables was always, so far as I can see, an emblem of evil. That is to say, he was really a monster; he was abnormal; or as Kingsley put it in those fine and highly heathen hexameters:

Twi-formed, strange, without like, who obey not the golden-haired rulers,
Vainly rebelling, they rage till they die by the swords of the heroes.

Sometimes the monster, once killed, could be used to kill other monsters; as Perseus used the Gorgon to kill the dragons of the sea. But this is a mere accident of material. I can imagine, in the same way, that if I could put the head of a folk-lore professor on the end of a stick, in the French Revolutionary manner, it might serve very excellently as a heavy wooden club for beating in the heads of other and less hardened folk-lore professors. Or, again, the hydra, which grew two heads for everyone that was cut off, might have been praised as an emblem of branching evolution and the advantage of an increasing population. But, as a fact, the hydra was not praised. He was killed, amid general relief. The minotaur might have been admired by moderns as the meeting-place of men and animals; the chimera might have been admired by moderns as an instance of the principle that three heads are better than one. I say that the hydra and chimera might have been admired by moderns. But they were not admired by ancients. Among the pagans the grotesque, fabulous animal was thought of only as something you ought to kill. Sometimes it killed you, like the sphinx; but even when it had done that, you did not really love it.

Now the case of the reappearance of such unearthly animals after Europe became Christendom is the thing I have never seen properly described. In one of the oldest of the legends of St. George and the Dragon, St. George did not kill the Dragon, but led it captive and sprinkled it with holy water. Something of the same sort happened to that whole department of the human mind which creates violent and unnatural images. Take the griffin for example. In our time the griffin, like most other medieval symbols, has been made a mean and farcical thing for fancy dress balls: in twenty pictures from *Punch*, for instance, we can see the griffin and the turtle as supporters of the civic arms of London. For the modern "citizen" the arrangement is excellent; the griffin, which eats him, does not exist; the turtle, which

he eats, does exist. But not only was the griffin not always trivial, but he was not always even bad. He was a mystical incorporation of two animals held wholly sacred: the lion of St. Mark, the lion of generosity, valor, victory; the eagle of St. John, the eagle of truth, of aspiration, of intellectual liberty. Thus the griffin was often used as the emblem of Christ; as combining the eagle and the lion in that mysterious and complete compound in which Christ combined the Divine and human. But even if you thought of the griffin as good, you were not less afraid of him. Perhaps more.

But the strongest case is that of the unicorn, which I intended to figure prominently in this article but which seems to have evaded my thought in a most miraculous manner, and which up to this time I seem to have practically omitted. He is a terrible creature, the unicorn; and though he seems to live rather vaguely in Africa, I could never be surprised if he came walking up one of the four white roads that lead to Beaconsfield; the monster whiter than the roads, and his horn higher than the church spire. For all these mystical animals were imagined as enormously big as well as incalculably fierce and free. The stamping of the awful unicorn would shake the endless deserts in which it dwelt; and the wings of the vast griffin went over one's head in heaven with the thunder of a thousand cherubim. And yet the fact remains that if you had asked a medieval man what the unicorn was supposed to mean, he would have replied "chastity."

When we have understood that fact we shall understand a great many other things, but above all the civilization out of which we come. Christianity did not conceive Christian virtues as tame, timid, and respectable things. It *did* conceive of these virtues as vast, defiant, and even destructive things, scorning the yoke of this world, dwelling in the desert, and seeking their meat from God. Till we have understood that no one will really understand even the "Lion and the Unicorn" over a pastry cook's shop.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Among the French Wounded Soldiers

THE war, besides laying bare many other things, has revealed the soul of the French peasant and artisan; and France had much to learn about her children. Visits made to the humble cottages in time of sickness and occasional dealings with hired workmen were the only medium most people had in times of peace of getting acquainted with the peasant and laboring classes, and such meetings, seldom if ever, led to any knowledge of their inner selves. Few in fact cared to explore this unknown land. The stress of war has changed all this. It now appears that popular impressions as to the character of France's lower strata of society have been far from the truth. Evidence of this has come to light on the battlefield, in the deserted cities and especially in the hospitals; and this evidence on the whole has shown the French peasant and artisan at their best. It has been my privilege to have done humble though continuous service for the space of eighteen months in one of the hospitals for the wounded, and my observations have led to very gratifying conclusions.

The particular hospital where I have learned to know and appreciate the Frenchman of the people, is directed by Sisters, a fact which gives it a religious atmosphere. Associated with the Sisters, who are certificated Red Cross nurses as well as devoted servants of the poor, are a few laywomen, but it is the former who impress upon the place its peaceful spirit. A skilled surgeon, an excellent doctor, and all the modern inventions for allaying suffering and for ensuring the success of difficult operations, add an up-to-date element to the conventual régime. A garden, with large trees, is a source of endless pleasure to the broken fighting men, who for the most part are peasants and often fathers of families, gray-haired *territoriaux*. Our patients are gathered from all parts of France.

The first trait that I have noted after many months of almost daily dealings with the wounded soldiers is their passionate and all-absorbing love for their homes. Before the war, much was written about the general movement among the peasants away from the country toward Paris and other large cities. The evil did exist. In some villages, even in fertile Normandy, cottages have been deserted, left unoccupied, and are falling to pieces. The mountainous districts of Central France suffered largely, the peasants emigrating in large numbers, because they found it difficult to earn a sustenance. But, after due allowance has been made for the dangerous attraction which Paris has for the peasant mind, it remains true that in general, the deserters of the country are less numerous than its lovers and devotees.

Our hospital has been in operation for a year and a half, during which time a steady flow of wounded soldiers has passed through the wards. They hailed from Brittany, Artois, Provence, Languedoc, Lorraine, Gascony, and Normandy. Each province has its well-accentuated characteristics, and, more than once, we found ourselves remarking how much more rational was the old division of France into provinces, than its present meaningless division into *départements*. Our peasant-soldiers in their conversation are constantly, though unconsciously, emphasizing the fact that a province implies characteristic qualities and defects, a distinctive spirit and idiom, and peculiar traits of temperament, to say nothing of the wealth of traditions evoked by the mere name of certain parts of old France. The *départements*, it must be acknowledged, are necessary from a utilitarian point of view, but they embody none of the memories that are so firmly planted in the soil of the provinces.

Bretons, in particular, with their dreamy eyes, have a strongly marked individuality. Rough in manner, slow and reticent of speech, they are nevertheless grateful, docile and devout. They make excellent fighting men and, since August, 1914, their regiments have nobly paid their tribute to the defense of their country; but they love their homes with a passionate tenderness. A sure way of making their faces light up with pleasure, is to talk to them of the sea-girt coast, and the picturesque costumes and legends, and the national fêtes of their native soil.

To induce the peasant-soldier to talk of his *petite patrie*, wherever it may be located, is always a good beginning, but when he comes to speak to you of it spontaneously, you may be assured that you have at last won his confidence. I remember a soldier from Languedoc, whose home was in the country, near Narbonne. Silent and reserved as he was, it took me six months to put him at his ease. Then he described for me the village where his father, mother, wife, children, grandfather and sister were waiting for his return. He was not eloquent, nor even fluent, but, the awkward words, gravely and earnestly uttered, as if they touched on sacred subjects, created a very vivid picture. I seemed to see the broad plain with its winding silver stream, its vines, olives, apricot and plum trees; the cottages each with its own garden; the horizon bounded by hills where, in wild profusion, grow the aromatic plants that give the famous Narbonne honey its exquisite flavor; and in

the midst, an olive grove, with the chapel *Notre Dame de l'Olive*. *C'est magnifique*, were the words that regularly wound up the soldier's description of his home. That scene, he told me, was once bathed in perpetual sunshine, but over it he now saw the shadow of the great war: all the able-bodied men absent, many of them killed, wounded or missing, while the old and feeble were grappling ineffectually with the work left undone.

The *territoriaux*, married men over forty, are unmilitary in appearance, but their uncomplaining courage and endurance are truly wonderful. Not once during eighteen months, have I heard a word of murmur, but always *Il le faut bien*, "It's all right." There are no high-flown demonstrations about these gray-haired fighting men, who are so terribly wanted at home, but a steady, quiet resignation that, under fire, assumes a higher aspect, and becomes real heroism. This is the universal testimony of their officers. "My men," writes a young captain, who commands a company of *territoriaux* from Bergerac, "make no show of enthusiasm when our trenches are attacked. I find them brave, absolutely firm and reliable. Never can our people at home be grateful enough to their obscure heroes."

Our men's love for their officers is another characteristic trait. "We were like brothers," said a workman from Lyons, who spent many months in our hospital. His words well expressed the cordial feeling that unites officers and men. "Our officer never sent us into danger without going himself," is another remark. "My lieutenant dressed my wound in the trench," said a third, whose life was saved by this timely assistance.

Our soldiers are easily pleased, touchingly grateful and, like docile children, they sing the *cantiques* and attend chapel. Nor do they do this to gain the nun's good graces. Before me, lies a heap of misspelt, awkwardly written letters. They come from the trenches or from other hospitals, and are spontaneous outpourings of men's feelings. The little chapel of the ambulance with its prudent and kindly chaplain is mentioned at every turn. When, day after day, for many months, we see men from every part of France, whose ages vary from twenty to forty-four years, show themselves so civil, gentle and grateful, so ready to obey and to pray, we wonder where are the revolutionary spirits that come to the surface at times and threaten the existence of more peaceable citizens; but the fact that these impressionable and receptive Latins are undoubtedly easy to influence, may account, up to a certain point, for many anomalies. Our wounded men, it must be remembered, are not selected carefully from crowds of broken soldiers; they are drafted at random to our hospital according to the good pleasure of the military surgeon who presides at the railway station where the Red Cross trains arrive from the front. This being the case, they may be justly considered typical of the French soldier in general; they are by no means, picked individuals, chosen to suit a conventual atmosphere. Some, when they arrive, are rough, silent, somewhat suspicious, even of their kindly surroundings, but their Latin receptivity comes into play, for they soon fall into the docile mood of their comrades, their rough speech is softened, their suspiciousness vanishes and, like the others, they let themselves enjoy this peaceful halt in their strenuous lives.

Before the war, the men, who in their present bruised and broken state are so interesting, would perhaps have seemed hopelessly commonplace or even vulgar. But tragic experiences have developed what is best in their character, and the sacrifice of self to a great duty has brought a touch of grandeur into very ordinary lives. There is a striking contrast between their lives twenty months ago and during the tragic ordeal that they have just gone through, but in this contrast lies, it may be, the promise of a new and better France.

B. DE COURSON.

COMMUNICATIONS

Shaw Once More

To the Editor of AMERICA:

This is not a brief for "Marie-Odile," though as Mr. Belasco produced the play we may be sure that the serge for the habits was of the right texture, the rosaries monastery-made, the furniture bought up from some disbanded *cloître*, so that these, the most important matters of a play to Mr. Belasco, were all quite irreproachably Catholic. But my dear Bernard Shaw! If "Fanny's First Play" shows anything at all it is the reality, the push there is in religion, in that phenomenon Thomas à Kempis discusses as conversion, when the dimly habitual becomes suddenly the most impelling thing in the world. I don't recall another drama that uses this fact for the basis of its action. Margaret Knox may not be lovable to the "sob-stuffers" but to any one, not gone over to a factitious and sentimental type of woman, her earnestness and honesty have a glowing appeal. And how about her devout mother? And Juggins?

In the over-obvious foolery of Androcles, there lurks a great deal of poignant truthfulness. The Christians' light-hearted, casual facing of their ordeal is so essentially Catholic that the wonder is where Mr. Shaw caught it; their little jokes and pleasantries ring true to anyone who has been privileged to live in a convent or has been associated with simply and ecstatically religious people. This should not be held up to scorn as unnatural levity in martyrs. Mr. Shaw is great enough to know that when one has something very terrible and very necessary to do he has no energy left to be solemn about it. The martyr goes to his death in his own character. So the remark of Androcles that he is sorry the poor lion is to have no better fare than his toughness and stringiness needn't shock; it might have been made by a Franciscan! I have a college woman to match Mr. Young's professor; she is a person of signal cultivation and thoughtfulness, and yet she said after the play, "When Androcles knelt in the arena, ridiculous little figure that he was, and put one arm over his face to pray and wait, an awed hush gripped the house, and it came to me with a *thrill* what a tremendous testimony martyrdom is." And by the way isn't all this indignation a little tardy? AMERICA is usually betimes.

Milwaukee.

ANNA NEACY.

The Story of a Neglected Grave

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As I was wandering through Calvary Cemetery on Memorial Day, I stumbled on a plot that was the very picture of neglect, in one of the best sites of that silent city of a million Catholic dead. The grave is covered with a rank growth of weeds and grass; the fencing is thick with rust; the top of the once imposing shaft "erected to the memory of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly," is broken. Patrick Casserly came to New York from Ireland in 1824 and was one of our first Catholic classical schoolmasters. He was an editor of the *Weekly Register*, and a contributor to the *Truth Teller*, two of our earliest Catholic papers, and edited several Greek and Latin text-books held in high repute and used for a couple of generations in our schools. A curious advertisement in the *Truth Teller* of 1828 reads:

Chrestomathic Institution or Seminary for General Education, No. 36 Cherry Street, a few doors from Franklin Square. P. S. Casserly, T.C.D., Principal.

A select Female School has been established at Mr. C.'s residence, No. 6 Pell Street, next door to the Bowery, under the superintendence of experienced Ladies, one of whom will teach French and Music in a superior style. They will also have the assistance of the masters employed in the Institution.

Among his pupils was his son Eugene, later a Georgetown

graduate, who was admitted to the Bar in 1844 and served as New York's Corporation Attorney, 1846-47. Like his father he was connected with early Catholic journalism as one of the first editors of the *Freeman's Journal*. In 1850 he went to San Francisco where he took rank at once as a leading Democrat and was elected to the United States Senate from California in 1869. He died June 14, 1883. Another son, Bernard, was for years a member of the State Commission of Immigration and a trustee of the Emigrant Savings Bank. The mother of these two was one of the teaching staff of the "Chrestomathic Institution" and a relative of Father Luke Berry, first pastor of St. Mary's Church, Grand Street. The national convention of the Catholic Press Association is soon to meet in this city. It might not be an inappropriate detail of its proceedings to try and collect the few pennies necessary to make presentable this neglected memorial to one of the pioneers of the local Catholic press.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.

A Legion of Defense

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your "Communications" of May 27, I read with interest: "A Legion of Defense," by P. Scanlan. I agree with him that we are going the way of France and Mexico. The same secret elements and their ill-guided cohorts that brought bloodshed, religious persecution and base tyranny to those countries are now quite numerous and active within our own borders. In their past attempts they found that opinion was not ripe for such cold injustice, hence their calumnious sheets, numbering between thirty and forty, have been quite busy of late trying to discredit what they wish to destroy. They have been quite faithful to the sort of advice given by the abominable Voltaire to his acolytes: "Heap on lies, heap on lies! Something of them always remains." The fact that our Government subsidizes them, at the expense of the people whom they are calumniating, increases their ability to create anarchy. This the Government does by granting them second-class mail privilege. It reminds the writer of Christ made to carry the Cross on which He was crucified. Of course, persecution is one of the things that makes Christ's Church like a city seated on a mountain that cannot be hid, but these attacks, inspired by Satan, give us a chance to show our Christianity and to spread the truth. We should remember: "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel!" "He that shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him the Son of man shall be ashamed, when he shall come in his majesty, and that of his Father, and of the holy angels." We have constitutional means for remedying all our wrongs but we do not use them, probably because most Catholics are ignorant of the work carried on against us. Let us wake up and support our Catholic press.

Oil Center, Cal.

P. A. McANDREW.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Regarding the complaint made by a correspondent, that too few of your readers share in the "open parliament" of the "Communications" page, no less a personage than Cardinal Newman found it difficult to excite and sustain interest in journalistic correspondence on questions affecting Catholic interests. If I am now moved to supply my share of reply and comment on the proposed "Legion of Defense" it can only be to express a troubled state of mind. There will be bigotry to the end of the world. If Catholics were more Catholic than they are now and so intensified bigotry rather than lessened it, why might not that be a healthful indication? If Catholics, to be on the side of the smart and intellectual, are so far playing into the hands of the enemy, helping to exploit evil literature and evil plays, why should not the first effort to recruit the "Legion of Defense" be to induce such Catholics to abandon their hurtful neutrality?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

B. M. C.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

— STAURDAY, JUNE 17, 1916 —

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (10s.)

Address:
THE AMERICA PRESS, 50 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Far Beyond the Type

IN the Old Testament there are perhaps no types more striking and apposite than those which prefigure the Blessed Sacrament. What bears, in every detail, a closer resemblance to Holy Communion, for example, than the manna on which the Israelites miraculously fed in the desert, and how remarkably like the Eucharistic Tabernacle was the Ark of the Covenant? All that is said in Holy Writ about the Ark finds in the Real Presence not only a perfect parallel, but, as was to be expected of an antitype, the fulfilment far exceeds the figure in beauty, power and dignity, and possesses in its completeness all the excellence that the type symbolized.

For the Ark of the Covenant was the glory, the strength and the beauty of Israel; it was the oracle, guide, protector and comforter of the Chosen People; it was the center of their worship and the object of their devotion, an elaborate and detailed liturgy being drawn up by God Himself for the direction of the priests and levites; in the Ark were preserved the stones of the Commandments, the flowering rod of Aaron, and a measure of the wonderful manna; the Ark indeed became the throne of God's holiness and mercy, a symbol of the abiding peace He had made with His people, and the pledge of His fatherly Providence over them; by day a cloud and by night a fiery pillar stood above the Ark to guide or stay the progress of the pilgrim host. "They shall make me a sanctuary," was God's promise, "and I will dwell in the midst of them": in the Ark of the Covenant His words would seem to have found their perfect fulfilment.

But the coming feast of Corpus Christi is a new reminder that marvelous as was the Ark of the Covenant, beautiful and striking as was everything connected with its institution, maintenance and history, the Ark, after all, was only a figure of the Tabernacle. All that the Ark was to the Chosen People, that the Tabernacle is to

Catholics, and a vast deal more besides. Every wonderful quality, every attractive characteristic of the Ark is first mystically realized and then surpassed in our Tabernacle. For Christ's abiding Presence in the Tabernacle is likewise the glory, strength and beauty of the Church, and the heart and center of her devotion. The Son of Mary has for all time become in the fullest and most intimate sense the support, defender and consoler of every Catholic, however poor and humble. From the Tabernacle also are taught not only the Commandments of the Old Law, but the new commandment of love; before the Tabernacle the power of an eternal priesthood, typified by Aaron's staff, is exercised, and in the Tabernacle are stored up for the daily spiritual sustenance of the Faithful inexhaustible quantities of Living Manna. Finally, whatever beauty and richness there were in the appurtenances of the Ark, whatever solemnity and splendor there were in the ancient Jewish liturgy, whatever sanctity and decorum there were in the priests and levites in whose keeping the Ark was placed, become weak and poor and imperfect when compared with the magnificence, devotion and holy enthusiasm with which Catholics the world over celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi.

The New York "Journal" on Hell

FOR some months an editorial-writer on the staff of the New York Journal has devoted himself feverishly to the elucidation of two propositions. He almost proves the first, which is that men and monkeys do not differ essentially. Man wears clothes, eschews the tree as a customary place of residence, uses a toothbrush in private instead of a toothpick in public, and occasionally writes smart editorials for the penny press. But apparently under proper conditions of environment and discipline any monkey can be trained to accomplish these feats. The case is therefore plain. Mr. Hearst's editorial-writer has demonstrated, *propria persona*, that between himself and the ape there is a difference not of kind, but merely of culture.

Having placed himself so definitely, our editorial-writer does not carry his second thesis to so happy a conclusion. He is exceedingly anxious to prove that hell does not exist. Needless to say, the writer nowhere defines what he means by hell. For this omission he may be excused. Definitions require close thinking, a process which may be made possible by another eon of evolution. Evidently, however, he believes that God creates a certain number of human beings for the sole purpose of gratifying "a cruelty more vile than that of the worst of murderers," by casting them into a place where "they are burned alive forever."

It is hardly necessary to say that hell, as the *Journal* conceives it, does not exist. Hell, as taught by Christ, however, does exist. The difference is obvious to all who in the language of the *Journal* "are capable of

understanding anything of importance"; but no one will expect the writers on that paper to grasp the distinction. On its own reiterated assertion, man, the editorial staff of the *Journal* included, is but a cultured ape, accidentally and slightly removed from the simians in Central Park that chatter in wild excitement over an unexpected accession of perfectly good peanuts. How can such creatures grasp distinctions?

Suicides and the Cult of Minerva

AFTER persistently refusing to give credence to the frequently repeated statement that teachers are "extra-suicidal in their tendencies," the New England *Journal of Education* finds that of late the evidence has become too conclusive to be rejected. The suicide of a city school superintendent in Michigan and of a professor in Johns Hopkins University on almost the same day, together with other similar instances preceding and following these events, induced the educational journal to issue a formal warning under the startling headline: "Mania for Suicides among Teachers." That such a warning is thought necessary for the teachers of our non-Christian institutions is certainly lamentable; but the motive urged to prevent such deeds is, if possible, even more pitiful. It strikingly indicates how weak are the props of morality when religion is removed. "It is important," says the journal, "that teachers realize that the whole profession suffers when one of them goes wrong in life, or in going out of life." A slight deterrent indeed for the man who stands prepared to break into the sanctuary of life and wilfully to cast aside the canons which God has set against self-slaughter!

Side by side with this illustration which is only one sad evidence of what "intellectuality" accomplishes without God, may be placed an example of the deification of the pride of intellect which is common in our day. It is taken from an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* containing a frank plea for a rejuvenated paganism whose high priests are to be chosen from among our university professors. The Church of the Living God is disdained, and the devotees of the new cult are invited to stroll into the temple of Minerva, there to find peace for both "eye and mind." They are to keep alive the fire of intellectual light "by setting apart a priesthood, a body of intellectual men who shall worship the God of truth and Him alone. The professors at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere constitute, or should constitute such a priesthood." The "truth" referred to here is the negation of Christianity and Revelation.

This is the cult of the pagan philosophers of our day who would erect over the ruins of the Christian temple the shrines of Venus and Minerva. It is the cult from which have arisen the disasters of our time, wars and suicides and the idolizing of the things of the flesh. The non-Christian university is a fit place wherein to set up this modern Baal.

The Wonder Grows

THE eye and ear of the country were on New York last week. Startling revelations were to be made and everybody was anxious either to read them or to hear them. Traitors were to be exposed; international plots were to be laid bare; "wire-tapping" and theft of private letters were to be justified. The country was expectant; the inquiry was on—it came to an end without the discovery of a vestige of treason or the trace of a plot. But a defiance was thrown down, that must be taken up. The broker accused of treason declared:

The Mayor of this great city publicly proclaimed the firm of Seymour & Seymour throughout the world as traitors to our country. The Mayor and Corporation Counsel asserted that our wires had been tapped because they believed we were engaged in a conspiracy against the United States Government. That was an absolute lie and they knew it. Nothing has been brought out in this inquiry to justify their statements.—*New York Evening World*, June 9.

What man of honor would let that pass? And is this not worse?

Mr. Seymour then asked the Court for permission to speak. When that was granted, he said that no evidence had been produced to show that the detective was trying to detect crime, or that any crime had been committed. The detective, he said, had been loud in declaring that papers had been stolen from the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., but had not proved it. After that had been exploded, they dragged in the National Government. No less a person than the Mayor of this city published us broadcast as traitors to our country. Senator Thompson told him that there was no international question involved, but the Mayor contended that there was and was backed by Corporation Counsel Hardy. Yet, they failed to show anything that would even lead a baby to believe it. They went into our office for no lawful purpose, but in an unlawful manner and on an unlawful errand, to get information for some person whose reason for wanting it has not been given.—*New York Evening Journal*, June 9.

Verily, the wonder grows. The air that was thick with intrigue and treason last week is now charged with mystery. Why were those wires tapped? To defend "the sacred altar of government"? Seymour is not a Papist. Why were those wires tapped? To reveal a plot? There was no plot. Why were those wires tapped? To uncover treason? There was no treason. But those were the reasons given. Precisely and therein lies the mystery. Why were those wires tapped? Can it be that the almost universal whisper that tickles the ear at every turn is true? Why were those wires tapped? Why? And again, why? The wonder grows. Does it?

Enter the "Spectric Poet"

THE vorticist school of poetry, we are credibly informed, came to an ignominious end, when the war broke out; the verses produced by the cubists are as unintelligible as their statues and paintings, and even the imagists, because they have been praised too much, are now declining in popular favor. So the stage is

cleared for the entrance of that latest literary absurdity, the "spectric poet." Here is the explanation of the new theory:

The subject of every spectric poem has the function of a prism, upon which falls the white light of universal and immeasurable possible experience; and this flood of colorless and infinite light, passing through the particular limitations of the concrete episode before us, is broken up, refracted and diffused into a variety of many-colored rays. Some one of these rays will impress the poet more than others; and he will necessarily color his whole poem with its hue. . . . The theme of a poem is to be regarded as a prism, upon which the colorless white light of experience falls and is broken up into glowing, beautiful and intelligible hues.

Now observe how a modest exponent of the "spectric school" applies this theory in the incomparable lines entitled, "Opus 181":

Skeptical cat,
Calm your eyes, and come to me.
For long ago, in some palméd forest,
I too felt claws crawling
Within my fingers. . . .
Moons wax and wane;
My eyes, too, once narrowed and widened.
Why do you shrink back?
Come to me: let me pat you—
Come, vast-eyed one
Or I will spring upon you
And with steel-hook fingers
Tear you limb from limb. . . .
There were twins in my cradle. . . .

Could anything be more "glowing, beautiful and intelligible" than this? It is clear that each line of the little masterpiece subtly suggests the colors of the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, all in their proper order, and the hues are repeated, no doubt, in the seven lines that conclude the "poem," though cynics may protest that indigo is the only color that is conspicuously present in "Opus 181."

But more interesting even than the spectral analysis of the foregoing chef-d'œuvre is the white light the author's lines throw on her own charming personality. How she exults in her primordial feline pedigree! How bloodthirsty she becomes as she goes on! In the last line how delicately she hints at her kinship with the amiable subject of this prismatic poem! Depressing as is the "spectric school of poetry" and its output, more saddening still is the fact that editors should in all seriousness publish such arrant nonsense as "Opus 181" and call it poetry. But saddest of all, just because the trash is in print, thousands of silly readers will think it poetry too.

The Eye of the Davises

ONCE upon a time, a rather ingenious expedient was in use in a certain family, to keep the children in good behavior. Next door to this family, dwelt in seclusion the Misses Davis, two ladies credited with having long since passed the years of discretion. When-

ever the children misbehaved in any way, by maltreating the unoffending cat, or by reaching across the table for the jam, the warning cry would go up, "Be careful, child, the Davises are looking!" The mystic words inspired the younger children with awe; indeed the Davises were credited with powers of vision, at least preternatural. Later the boys learned to laugh at their childish fear of these innocent old ladies; but even now whenever one does anything out of the way, they call out laughingly, "Be careful, the Davises are looking!"

For the Catholic, the world is full of Davises and they are always looking. He is a marked man, and this is as it should be. The Catholic claims more for his Faith than any other man. The world looks on, to sneer if his deeds do not correspond to the Faith that is in him, to admire, silently perhaps, but none the less honestly, if his life is as lofty and as upright as the Faith that he professes. Especially is this true of the educated Catholic. From the moment the young man or woman leaves college, the world watches with curious eyes. "Here is one," say the world's followers, "a good enough man in many respects, but for all that, not good enough in certain important respects, that holds to a standard different from ours. Let us observe closely, and see whether he will live up to that standard, or adopt ours." The Davises watch that man as he enters on his chosen calling. Does the Catholic lawyer, doctor, merchant, palter with principle and play with fire? Are these people living up to the standards they profess, or are they plain every-day hypocrites? And the women in particular, how they watch a woman! Does she read the books, attend the plays, adopt in her daily life the practices that her Church condemns?

Some fall, and loud and long is the laughter of the scornful Davises. Yet some there are among the Davises who turn away sorrowfully; they had watched, yes, but they had hoped that these men and women might make the world better by living up to the standard set by the Church. Had they done so, the watchers might have followed their example. As it is, the fall of the Catholic adds to the growing ranks of scoffers and cynics.

The usual army of graduates leaves our Catholic colleges and universities this year. Beneath the sonorous Latin on their diplomas, they may well write in good old Anglo-Saxon, so that he who runs may read: "The Davises are Looking!"

LITERATURE

XXVIII—Mother Juliana's "Sixteen Revelations"

A STUDY of the "XVI Revelations of Divine Love Shewed to Mother Juliana of Norwich, 1373," will be productive both of pleasure and edification, for as Dom Cressy, O.S.B., writes, the student "being thus employed will be sensible of many beams of . . . lights, and much warmth of . . . charity." Love for the Sacred Heart will also be quickened, for it is clear from the following lines that Juliana practised that devotion:

With . . . cheer our . . . Lord looked into his

side and beheld with joy. . . . And there he shewed a fair and delectable place, and large enough for all mankind that shall be saved, and rest in peace and love. . . . And with the sweet beholding he shewed his blessed heart cloven in two. And with this our good Lord said: "Loe, how I love thee." . . . This shewed our good Lord to make us glad and merry.

In girlhood this fourteenth-century recluse, probably a Benedictine nun, begged for a share in Christ's sufferings, and in her thirtieth year the request was granted. During a seemingly mortal illness, as the Crucifix was held before her eyes, she passed into her Saviour's agony, and in "His Sixteen Shewings" penetrated the veil which shrouds the Divine pangs from ordinary eyes. Deep called unto deep; the depths of a saint's loving soul were outpoured, to mingle with the greater deep of Christ's broken Heart. Broadly speaking, Suffering Love is the theme of Dame Juliana's revelations, beneath which the Seven Words spoken from the Cross are glimpsed as a spiritual palimpsest. As to the interpretation: "Wit it well: Love was his meaning. Who shewed it thee? Love. Wherefore shewed it thee? For love." Thus Juliana explains the *motif* of the "Shewings."

Indeed it was love, both for her Lord and for her "even-Christians," which enabled this rare soul to free her mind from certain Calvinistic concepts prevalent in her epoch. Thus, whilst ever obedient to authority, she thawed with a warm-hearted love the icebergs which had drifted into thought-currents through which the bark of Peter was then steering its sure course into warmer waters.

To Juliana, God was ever "homely and courteous . . . I saw no wrath but on man's part, and that forgiveth He in us." No wrath is possible in love, and God is love. Moreover sin is shown to be negation, never affirmation. "I saw not sin, for I believe it had no manner of substance, nor no part of being, nor it might not be known but by the pain that is caused thereof."

All being is good, because it is of God; where no good is left, there is no being; good may be reduced by sin even to annihilation, and naught but pain remain. Sin is the failure upon man's part of love. Yet in the great crucible of the Passion it may be converted by God's loving alchemy into worship and great profit, until we perforce cry: "*O felix culpa!*" at such resultant bliss. Sinners are compassionated: in heaven "the tokens of sin are turned to worship"; on earth Christ immanent in each Christian causes him to compassionate his fellow-Christian. "Sin is the sharpest scourge that any chosen soul may be smitten with, which . . . purges him . . . till contrition taketh him by rouching of the Holy Ghost and turneth the bitterness into hope of God's mercy. And then his wounds begin to heal, and the soul to quicken. The Holy Ghost leadeth him to confession . . . then undertakes he penance. This . . . meekness greatly pleaseth God." Thus love is the gist of Dame Juliana's healing, healthful message, for we are rooted in love in "God our Ground," to whom we are united, or "oned" in prayer.

As a Benedictine, Juliana is well versed in the science of "beseeching." Prayer is of God, His merciful gift, which our wills should offer Him again with interest. "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," rising from God, and falling back again to Him from our poor earthly, yet heaven-taught, heaven-bought lips. And "beseeching is a true and gracious lasting will of the soul, oned and fastened into the will of Our Lord, by the sweet working of the Holy Ghost," it is "a truly willing to be one with him with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our might . . . In each soul that shall be safe, is a godly will that never assented to sin, nor never shall . . . evermore continually it willesh good and worketh good." For to each soul God says: "I am the Ground of thy beseeching . . . out of whom . . . all come, in whom be all enclosed . . . into whom all wend." "The high goodness of the Trinity is Our

Lord, and in Him we be enclosed and He in us. . . . The place that Jesus taketh in our soul he never shall remove it."

In the "Shewings" mankind is seen to be Christ's crown: a garland woven for His bitter Passion, "but also . . . His bliss . . . His meed . . . His worship." To this mystic, Jesus and Adam are "one man." Jesus is in all that may be safe, and all that may be saved is in Jesus. . . . "When Adam fell, God's Son fell for the right oneing which was made in heaven. God's Son might not be separate from Adam, for by Adam I understand all man; Adam fell from life to death into the slade of this wretched world, and after that into hell. God's Son fell with Adam into the slade of the Maiden's womb . . . and that was for to excuse Adam from blame in heaven and earth; and mightily he fetched him out of hell."

From this "Shewing" may we not conclude that the God-for-saking of mankind, concurrent with the Fall is mystically one with the dereliction and darkness upon the Cross? "Thus was I learned to choose Jesu for my heaven whom I saw only in pain at that time," writes Juliana, and did not Jesu choose mankind for His heaven, and finding "a full bliss" in suffering, cry "Father, forgive" the anguish man had caused Him?

"If thou art pleased, I am pleased," He said to Juliana. "It is a joy, a bliss, an endless satisfying to me that ever suffered I Passion for thee." And here, as we catch a glimpse of the second word: "Today thou, who didst desire to suffer with me, partaking in my pain, art most truly one with me in Paradise," the palimpsest beneath the Revelations grows ever clearer. "With . . . cheer of mirth and joy, our good Lord looked down . . . where our Lady stood in the time of His Passion, and said 'Wilt thou see her?'"

Space does not allow us to dwell upon the beautiful and touching description of the Maiden-Mother which here follows, nor upon the mystical charm of a later chapter in which Dame Juliana says: "Our Lady is our mother, in whom we be all be-closed, and of her born in Christ; for she that is the mother of our Saviour is mother of all that shall be saved in our Saviour. And our Saviour is our very mother." Reposing in that last thought, we may truly say with the devout Juliana: "All shall be well . . . all manner of thing shall be well. *Deo gratias.*"

C. E. BISHOP.

REVIEWS

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

This is a timely and excellent book that will delight every American who has any regard for decency and elementary justice. The volume is made up of letters written to her mother, without original thought of publication, by a keen, cultured woman who witnessed the most tragic part of Mexico's tragedy. The first letter is dated October 8, 1913, the last but one, May 3, 1914; the very last bears no date. The story told is sad beyond full description, the story of a nation disrupted and then slain by a stronger power. Huerta is the central figure of the drama, the villain; the heroes are Carranza, Villa, John Lind of Sweden and Minnesota, one William J. Bryan of Nebraska and others. The villain is a gentleman and a diplomat, but John Lind received a cultured lady in his shirt sleeves, and his diplomacy may be evaluated from the fact that his conduct in Mexico drew this judgment from a foreign minister accredited to that country: "Your Scandinavian friend is anti-Latin, anti-British and anti-Catholic." But these are side glances. The book confirms previous judgments and causes former suspicions to pass into judgments. At the very time that our Administration was protesting that Mexico must settle its own affairs, there was continual, offensive and effective interference therein, on our part. "Bullying, collusive and

secret arrangements" with the bandits were ordinary occurrences. Lind favored them at every turn; he had the embargo on arms lifted in their favor, and such was the result that when he left for home, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy wrote:

A hot indignation invades me as Mr. Lind drops out of the most disastrous chapter of Mexican history and returns to Minnesota. Upon his hands the blood of those killed with the weapons of the raising of the embargo—those weapons that, in some day and hour unknown to us, must inevitably be turned against their donors! It is all as certain as death.

Many men pass and repass in the pages of this volume. Carranza disloyal, greedy, stubborn; Villa, the beast; Bryan inviting Huerta to participate in the Hague Conference after our Government had absolutely refused to recognize him! Huerta, faithful and patient, "delightful in courtesy and tact," "flawless in his international attitude," always speaking of our President with the utmost respect as *su Excelencia el Señor Presidente*. To the last he maintained his chivalry, inviting American officials to his son's wedding, after the invasion of Vera Cruz putting a special car and a special guard at their disposal when they retired from the country and speaking these last words: "I hold no rancor toward the American people nor toward *su Excelencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson. He has not understood." Though observing due reticence the author is not afraid of the truth. She lays bare with a deft but delicate pen, awful atrocities. For instance, she relates the well-known incident of the 300 Morelos peasant women taken by force to an army camp, where the male beasts of the species, whom the United States supported, fought so desperately for their prey that the unfortunate women were hurried away and thrown friendless, penniless, foodless on the beach at Vera Cruz. Sentences like the following make the heart stop: "Everywhere brother is killing brother, and as for sisters they are often lassoed and captured as if they were stampeded cattle." Villa is shown an unspeakable brute, the special friend of Lind. The following letter is worth recording:

April 9, Holy Thursday.

The churches (Mexico City, with Huerta in power) are filled to overflowing, these holy days. Men, women, and children of all strata of society are faithful in the discharge of their duties. In this city of peace, how contrasting the tales of sacrilege in the rebel territory! Five priests were killed and three held for ransom in Tamaulipas last month; a convent was sacked and burned and the nuns were outraged.

Of course "there is no official record" of this "on the files" of the State Department. And no record either of the fact that when a confidential agent of this Government heard of the murder of priests he exclaimed: "The more shot the better."

Thus these admirable letters run on page after page of engrossing interest. The book is worth reading; the author has done a good work for her country and for Mexico in laying bare the stupidity, duplicity and heartlessness that have characterized our dealings with Mexico, a land where a handful of barbarians, John Lind's protégés, maltreated a nation.

R. H. T.

Dante. By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER, A.M. Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50.

Mr. Fletcher has written a book evidencing his wide reading in many languages and his thorough knowledge of the times and works of the great Florentine. If, as Charles Eliot Norton wrote, it is needful to know Dante as a man in order fully to appreciate him as a poet, it is equally necessary to understand his theology, his masters, and his models. The present volume,

one of the "Home University Library" is an attempt to study Dante from his own writings. These are as intricate in detail and as difficult of interpretation as they are vast in their general design. He who runs may not read them aright for they have to be sifted and weighed like an article in that "Summa" of St. Thomas whose philosophy and wisdom the seer of the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso" reproduced in his mighty lines. Dante was not only a great poet, he was a great teacher. Centuries have sent their scholars to listen to his majestic voice. His teachings and precepts may not be understood unless the man, his politics, his theological system, and his esthetic ideals be fully grasped. Mr. Fletcher has made a serious attempt to do all this. Confining his studies to a specific view-point, he presents first of all Dante's personal confessions, then Dante's impersonal teaching, and finally Dante's literary art. Probably with a larger knowledge of the Catholic philosophy and theology of Dante our author would have given us a truer picture of the man. But such as the picture is, it reflects to no small degree the genuine greatness of the poet.

The stability of the faith and dogmas of the Catholic Church, however, does not come fully home to Mr. Fletcher. A better understanding of her immutable teachings and at the same time of their adaptability to modern problems of life would have given him a clearer insight into the poet's true greatness. But as a devout worshiper at the shrine of the renowned singer, Mr. Fletcher acknowledges the Florentine's wide and deep knowledge of men, his far-seeing and deep-sounding vision and vehemently opposes the opinion of those who maintain that Dante's voice is nothing more than a "boy-like treble of wonder and naïveté" and that he offers not wisdom but beauty only. That beauty and wisdom, be it noted, is but a dim reflex of the Catholic dogmas of which Dante, though a stern critic of Popes, churchmen and ecclesiastical policies which he disliked, was ever a devout and humble follower.

J. C. R.

The Life of William McKinley. By CHARLES S. OLCOTT. Two Vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

Relying largely on material furnished him by Mr. George B. Cortelyou, President McKinley's private secretary, the author of this "official biography" has filled two volumes of 400 pages each with a eulogistic rather than a critical account of his subject's career. Mr. McKinley's gallant conduct during the Civil War, his domestic virtues and political integrity are deservedly praised, and a great deal of space is of course given to his famous tariff measures. But readers who expect to find in this work new light on the war that the United States waged with Spain and on our acquisition of the Philippines will be disappointed. That the Maine was really blown up by Spaniards, that the "yellow" press did not force the President to declare war; that every diplomatic means to avoid a conflict was employed, Mr. Olcott assumes to be indubitably true, and the unflattering portrait of the Philippine friar that had such a wide vogue twenty years ago is found in his pages. Perhaps an "official biography" has to be written after a rigidly prescribed form, its subject must have no weaknesses, and never, never make a mistake, but such a work will be of little value to the critical student of history. Mr. Olcott's book is well supplied with photographs.

W. D.

Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ, in Usum Adolescentium, a J. S. HICKEY, O.Cist. concinnata. Vol. III. Theodiciæ. Ed. 3^a. S. Ludovici: Apud B. Herder. \$1.00.

It is a pleasure to welcome the present revised and enlarged edition of Father Hickey's "Natural Theology," and to learn that the companion volumes have won similar success. The series, indeed, was bound to meet with a favorable reception at the hands of critics; and the uniformly high praise of the latter

has been justified by that excellent test to which works of this kind can be submitted: an increasing demand for further editions. The author possesses the gifts that are essentially called for in one who would instruct others in the art of thinking aright; he sees clearly and writes clearly. He possesses too that additional gift which may perhaps be best described by the phrase, a sense of proportion. The larger questions of philosophy are treated with the fulness and thoroughness which their importance postulates; while other problems which, though undoubtedly important because of their intimate union with the former and close dependence upon them, are still of relatively less significance, are succinctly set forth in the familiar corollaries and scholia. Another feature that has contributed much toward the well-deserved popularity of the series is the wealth of citations from past and contemporary works and articles in English that deal professedly or otherwise with the leading points under discussion. The advantages of such references are evident; and not the least is this: they enable the student to translate into his own language the compact terms of scholasticism. Altogether, Father Hickey's works form the best text-books the reviewer has seen for those students who must confine their course in philosophy to a period of two years.

J. A. C.

The Romance of the Commonplace. By GELETT BURGESS. Indianapolis The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

Little papers these—"essays" is too gross a word—fifty-three of them, on what-not, in which the "tidings they bear are not so important as the telling of them" nor half so delightful. Gelett Burgess unconsciously reviews his own book in the "Game of Correspondence" when he writes: "This has a flavor that the salt of silence alone can bring out; a dash of interruption destroys its exquisite delicacy. . . . To your room with this and lock the door, or, at any rate, save it for an impregnable leisure. . . . It is minted thought, invested, put out at loan for a time, bringing back interest to stimulate new speculation. . . . It gilds homely little common things till they shine and twinkle with joy." Yet too many of these "common things" are called "divine": "the fire of personality," "a phase of common human nature," "electricity" even "fastidiousness." It is not a book to which one may resign himself without reserve "passive to the enchantment" of dainty style and bewildering imagery. In "The Game of Life" rapid moves are not always safe, and broad rules are seldom flatly true. Watch it as a play, and for a background build up solid truth; then let the nimble sprites frolic through their parts before a merrily discerning eye, prattle gaily, antic, curtsy and be off. You will have been distracted and delighted, provoked into debate, instructed too, perhaps corrected; yet withal, on having done romancing with the commonplace, your eye will be brighter, your step lighter, your tears, by its subtle alchemy, transmuted into laughter and your wrinkles into smiles.

Z. J. M.

The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc. With Ninety Illustrations in Color, Doubletone and Line. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5.00.

Dr. Kunz has had a quarter of a century's experience as mineralogist and gem expert, and the whole subject of precious stones seems to have had a lifelong fascination for him. In the search for information upon this topic, he has read the literature of all peoples, and has now gathered into this volume the results of his labors. It is not a scientific treatise, but contains a wealth of stories, legends, fancies, superstitions, tales, and facts concerning the "magic" value of minerals, gems, meteorites and bezoar stones. The author writes clearly and avoids controversy. Sources are given and the rest is left to the reader's discrimination. Only the broadest conception of the subject, however, can justify the

appropriateness of the chapter on "Angels and Ministers of Grace," though to the Catholic it is naturally of great interest. Dr. Kunz believes in Guardian Angels and approves of the following substitution of saints for stars:

St. Ottilia keeps the head instead of Aries; St. Blasius is appointed to govern the neck instead of Taurus; St. Lawrence keeps the back and shoulders instead of Gemini, Cancer and Leo; St. Erasmus rules the belly with the entrails in the place of Libra and Scorpius; in the stead of Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces, the holy church of Rome hath elected St. Burgarde, St. Rochus, St. Quirinius, St. John, and many others, which govern the thighs, feet, shins and knees.

Though a more careful distinction between faith and superstition could have been made, the author has avoided the extremes of skepticism and superstition. The book is carefully indexed, finely printed and beautifully illustrated in color.

C. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Sister M. Blanche, a religious of the Holy Cross Congregation, whose "Poems" were favorably reviewed in AMERICA, has now brought out a little volume of essays entitled "Idyls and Sketches" (Kenedy, \$1.00). The best of the twenty-eight short papers in the book are those which describe out-of-doors sights and sounds, for the author has an eye that delicately discerns the seasons' changes, and she is rich in flower and bird lore. As there must be considerable literary ability among the Sisters who teach English in our convent schools, it would seem that the publication of volumes like this ought to be of more frequent occurrence.

Those who read "Aunt Sarah and the War," a little book which was favorably reviewed in our issue of July 3, 1915, will doubtless be interested in "Halt! Who's There?" (Putnam, \$0.75), another war-book by the same "anonymous" author. He is commonly believed, however, to be Wilfrid Meynell, the "discoverer" of Francis Thompson. The diary is given of Miss Pauline Vandeleur who practises "hospitalities" as a Red Cross nurse and the "trenchant" journal of the late Captain Tudor whom she was to have wedded, is published. His reflections on "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" are as patriotic and poetical as could be desired but the eulogy of Nelson is somewhat overdone. Stephen Shireburn's thesis that English Catholics love their country more than English Protestants do is convincingly proved. The book, however, is not the equal of its predecessor.

In "The Lightning Conductor Discovers America" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50), C. N. and A. M. Williamson have written a glowing endorsement of the see-America-first movement. Captain Jack and Mrs. Winston reappear in the story, most of which is told in letters written by that lady to a friend in England. Winding through descriptions of Long Island and New England scenery as viewed from a motor car is a rather improbable but quite interesting romance. Indeed so mysterious is the hero that readers will need all their self-control to keep from turning prematurely to the last chapter to find out who he really is.—Zane Grey's "The Border Legion" which threatens, alas! to be a "best seller" is as crowded with "gun-play" and "primitive passion" as is an uncensored "movie." The book will do nothing but harm.

"Union Portraits," (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.50) consists of nine character studies by Gamaliel Bradford, in which he does for the North what he did for the South in "Confederate Portraits." His papers are not biographical but analytical: "psycho-graphs," as he terms them. His endeavor has been to reach

the modes of thought and action that dominated the Union leaders and to present them to the reader in such a way as to show their relative importance. Although it is quite beyond the compass of such brief studies to arrive at complete character-estimate, there is a wealth of information contained herein of value to the student of the Civil War Period. When the papers on Hooker and McClellan first appeared in the *Atlantic* they were greeted with a storm of protest. In consequence further study has changed Mr. Bradford's original estimate of Hooker. But his judgment of McClellan remains as it was first printed. In Mr. Bradford's gallery only three pictures stand out fair and strong under the light of his probing criticism: Thomas, Sherman, and Stanton.

The leading paper in the June *Catholic Convert* is the first part of Mr. Shane Leslie's highly interesting lecture on Cardinal Manning. He has read all of this prelate's vast correspondence and is engaged in writing a biography that will be a corrective for many of the pages in Purcell's Life. Mr. Leslie remarks, apropos of his own conversion: "Nothing would induce me to say why I became a Catholic, because I hardly know myself." He then gives the following account of "the most curious conversion that ever occurred":

A rowing supper had been given after the university boat races, and a great many hilarious students met to break training—that is to say, to drink champagne for the first time after their period of training for the races. And with true tactfulness, they chose Ash Wednesday for the bumping supper, as it was called. It happened that one of the most promising oarsmen was a Catholic, and that he had that day attended the rites of the Church and had some mark of the ashes on his forehead, but he went on to the supper. When he entered the room, the president of the boat, requested him to withdraw and to take off the marks of his dirty religion out of the room. Whereupon being a solitary Catholic, there was only one course open for him, which he fulfilled. He took up the tureen of soup for thirty and he emptied it over the head of the president of the boat club. That is not the end of the story, because the president was so struck by this exhibition of religious fervor that he made inquiries and before the end of the term he had become a Catholic. You have probably often heard the term "souper" used in Ireland, of those who were made to become Protestants in famine time by the gift of free soup. This is the only time I ever knew when the soup was on the side of the Holy Roman Church.

Mr. West estimates that in this country during 1915 more than 40,000 were received from other religious bodies into the Catholic Church.

A large book of 728 pages gets the small title of "We." (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50). It is a plea by Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds," for the United States to lead the nations to use hereafter the first person plural instead of "I" and "you." The means to employ is advertisement, i. e., self-revelation; this revelation is that Americans are sufficiently independent, and unafraid, to face Europe unarmed, and Messrs. Ford, Roosevelt, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Taft, Wilson and Bryan are judged according to their success in making known this revelation. The book is divided into "Acts," and these into "Looks," and there is hardly a dull page in it. Mr. Lee has a way of saying the ordinary thing strikingly, and the extraordinary thing quite calmly; he is thought-provoking, and if you do not always agree with him, he makes you at least find out what you really do think.—The war-correspondent, Stanley Washburn, has collected some of his articles into a book called "Victory in Defeat." (Doubleday, Page, \$1.00). The defeat is the Russian retreat of 1915 from Warsaw, in which he took part, and the victory Mr. Washburn sees is one of character, unshaken in adversity. There are many graphic pages about the

last days in Warsaw, and the account of the military operations from May to August is fairly convincing. In the author's view, it was a splendidly planned offensive, and a marvellous retreat.

Into a volume called "The Daughter of the Storage and Other Things in Prose and Verse" (Harper, \$1.35), William Dean Howells has gathered together nineteen stories, sketches and poems that have appeared in various magazines. The tale that gives the book its title and "The Critical Bookstore" are the best stories. "Captain Dunlevy's Last Trip" is a striking narrative poem and at the end of the volume are two clever farces.—"An Unknown Master and Other Stories" (Pilot Pub. Co., Boston, \$1.15), by the Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, is a little volume containing fourteen tales of varied character, being mostly of the reminiscent type, as the author has traveled widely in Europe and the Orient and has been keenly observant of men and customs as well as of places and institutions. As he has drawn on his diary for plots, they are not complicated or unusual. The element of suspense, almost indispensable in the short-story, is well handled in "Ravelli," a tale which together with "The Unknown Master" may be taken as specimens of Father Murphy's best work. The illustrations in the book could easily be improved.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allyn and Bacon, Boston:

Intermediate Algebra. By H. E. Slaught and N. J. Lennes. \$1.00.

The America Press, New York:

The Education of Boys. By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D. \$0.60.

The Catholic Publication Society of America, New York:

The United Irishmen. Their Lives and Times. By Richard Robert Madden. Newly Edited with Notes, Bibliography and Index. By Vincent Fleming O'Reilly. 12 Vols. \$42.00.

The City Library Association, Springfield:

Recent Poetry. A List of Some of the Best Contemporary Poetry added to the City Library during the years 1908-1915.

Eugene Figuiere, Editeur, Paris:

Plus Haut: Nouvelles. Par Patience Warren, Adaptation Française par Perrine des Ronces. 3 fr. 50.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge:

Shakespeare: an Address. By George Lyman Kittredge.

Michigan Historical Commission, Lansing, Mich.:

Names of Places of Interest on Mackinac Island, Michigan. By Rt. Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, LL.D.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York:

Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War. By Various German Writers. \$2.00.

Orange Judd Co., New York:

A Living from Eggs and Poultry. By Herbert W. Brown. \$0.75.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

Historic Indiana. By Julia Henderson Levering. Centennial Edition Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated. \$2.25; Phases of Early Christianity 100 A. D.-250 A. D. By J. Estlin Carpenter, D.Litt. \$2.00.

The Paulist Press, New York:

Italian Confessions, How to Hear Them. An Easy Method for Busy Priests. By Joseph McSorley. With an Introduction by His Eminence John Cardinal Farley. \$1.00.

Pierre Tequi, Libraire-Editeur, Paris:

Jésus en Croix ou la Science du Crucifix en Forme de Méditations par les Pères Pierre Marie et Jean-Nicolas Grou. Nouvelle Edition. 1 fr.; A Jésus par Marie ou La Parfaite Dévotion à la Sainte Vierge, Enseignée par le B. Grignon de Montfort. Abbé J. M. Texier. 1 fr. 50; La Guerre en Picardie. Abbé Charles Calippe. 3 fr. 50; Pour la Victoire, Nouvelles Consignes de Guerre. Mgr. J. Tissier. 3 fr. 50; Progrès de l'Âme dans la Vie Spirituelle. R. P. Frédéric-William Faber. 3 fr. 50.

Renteria, Guipuzcoa (Espagne):

Catéchisme de la Profession Religieuse (D'après les Normes).

University of California Press, Berkeley:

Correlations and Sex Differences in Memory and Substitution. By Arthur I. Gates. \$0.05; A Comparison of the Japanese Folk-Song and the Occidental. A Study in the Psychology of Form. By Sangoro Ito. \$0.15; Memory and Association in the Case of Street-Car Advertising Cards. By Walter S. Heller and Warner Brown. \$0.10; The Psychology and Physiology of Mirror-Writing. By Justin K. Fuller.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.:

Public Libraries and Literary Culture in Ancient Rome. By Clarence E. Boyd. \$1.00.

The University Society, New York:

Boys' and Girls' Bookshelf. Complete Edition. Prepared by the Editorial Board of the University Society. Vols. I-XX. and The Child Welfare Manual, a Handbook of Child Nature and Nurture for Parents and Teachers. \$39.50.

EDUCATION

Cliff Haven

CLIFF HAVEN is the permanent home of the Catholic Summer School. Happily has the spot been named; appropriately, likewise, though some think not so happily, the institution. There on the western shore of Champlain, the lordly and lovely lake, where the green-clad granite cliffs open wide their strong arms to let the gentle laughing waters run in to dance and play upon the yellow sands, the place is verily a haven, *locus tutus carinis*, a harbor safe for the frail skiff as well as the most timid bather, a harbor of peace whose shelving shores invite to rest and lettered ease. A school is there. Not the little red brick sort, with bell above, bespectacled master and ferule within, standing for the elements of knowledge, reading, writing and reckoning, but a school in the real old Grecian and Roman sense of the term, a place where educated people meet to discuss and hear discussed by eminent experts things of the mind, problems of the day, subjects that interest the intelligent in the broad domains of Christian apologetics, philosophy, the sciences and the arts.

A summer school it is; a pleasant place to abide when cities and towns are ovens, and urban mortals melt and sizzle. Backed by slopes of sylvan loveliness, fanned by the breath of fir-clad mountains and cooled by the breezes that always haunt the lake,

It lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer seas.

RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL ATTRACTIONS

Lastly and firstly, it is a Catholic Summer School, Catholic in its foundation, its principles, its ideals, its methods, its spirit. The whole atmosphere is Catholic, sanely Catholic, broad, comprehensive, inclusive of whatever is true and good and fair; exclusive of that only which is false or base or sordid. The little chapel, named for Our Lady of the Lake, stands in the midst, a symbol at once of the motive, the aspirations, the life of Cliff Haven. The Morning Sacrifice many times multiplied at the nine altars, the never-failing evening rosary, the semi-weekly Benedictions, the triple daily Angelus, at whose peal no head on the spacious plain fails to bow in reverent salutation, all these are the outer signs of the inner Catholic spirit which pervades, unifies, fortifies and ensures the Summer School. It is this unity of faith, enwrapping all with the bonds of charity, that begets the peculiar charm of the social life which characterizes the place. All who spend some time at Cliff Haven, be they Catholics, or as is occasionally the case, non-Catholics, are struck with admiration at the natural, joyous, homelike and refined sociality of Cliff Haven. If perchance once in a while there sound a strident note in the general harmony, the immoderate frolicsomeness of some giddy girl, or the unseemly boisterousness of an ungentlemanly boy, such discords are on the whole but the ebullitions of over-fresh youth. They are probably inseparable from a large gathering of young folk, and are for their very rarity the more noticeable and consequently the apter to jar the feelings of persons who are more sensible and moderate, more thoughtful and considerate for themselves, their neighbors and for the general reputation of the institution.

THE INTELLECTUAL SIDE

But though Cliff Haven and the Catholic Summer School fully justify their name and title, it must not be forgotten that the intellectual principle is at once the primary efficient and the ultimate final cause of the institution. It was constituted and organized a "school," inclusive of the original sense of the term school described above, but not exclusive of the modern scholastic content. Moreover, the dominant *motif* which its founders had in mind was to establish an institution at which Catholics

could obtain not only general intellectual culture and inspiration but likewise definite instruction on certain lines of knowledge and art. This purpose has always been kept in view though it has been more obviously fulfilled in some sessions than in others. Thus regular systematic courses of lectures of a pedagogical nature have been repeatedly given, while the more or less scholastic or technical elements have in no case been wholly absent from the schedule. On the other hand, Cliff Haven has never been rich enough to compete for patronage with summer schools of the large secular universities, each of which offers to its attendants elaborate courses in almost every branch of science and art imaginable, courses conducted by trained professors and equipped with all the accessories of library and laboratory with which these institutions are so richly supplied. The Catholic Summer School can of course offer to its patrons no such opulent facilities. Nevertheless, it is only the lack of funds that prevents it from doing more extensive work along scholastic lines. On the other hand, a glance over the schedule of lectures given at any one session will suffice to show that, together with the miscellaneous cultural and entertaining features, the Summer School furnishes an intellectual feast substantial and varied enough to satisfy the cravings of almost every appetite and taste. Thus, for instance, on the program for the approaching session, which opens July 2 and closes September 8, we find fifteen lectures on philosophy, ten on sociological problems, ten on international law, thirty on historical subjects, five on liturgy, five on certain scientific problems. Besides these there is a considerable number devoted to literature and to questions of the day. To these add some forty hours occupied with music and the drama, supplement the whole with the special courses, and you have "a feast of reason" from which no one need go away hungry. "The flow of soul" is contributed to the common fund by the individual banqueters.

THE SCHOOL'S WIDE INFLUENCE

Moreover, the intellectual profits of the Summer School are reaped not alone in the auditorium. There are round-table conferences given by persons of note while the easy social converse of the people with the lecturers affords an opportunity for mental gain which is often more instructive and stimulating than are the formal discourses. Besides, there is the interchange of thought with many minds of varied attainments and experience; for Cliff Haven is somewhat cosmopolitan in its clientele. People are there from all parts of the country, not to say the world, so that the advantages resulting from this social constituency are incalculable. For the rest a glance through the prospectus, which has just been issued, and which may be had by applying at the city office, in East Forty-second Street, New York, will afford fuller information regarding the intellectuality of the Catholic Summer School.

FRANCIS P. SIEGFRIED.

SOCIOLOGY

The Test of Criminal Responsibility

THE Waite trial, recently terminated by the imposition of the death penalty, presents many aspects decidedly out of the ordinary. The praiseworthy determination of the presiding Justice, Mr. Shearn, to permit no unnecessary delays, was, in the opinion of those who must have their gibe at the profession, quite as extraordinary as the defense urged by Dr. Waite. Particular attention, however, centers in the charge to the jury, stating the test of criminal responsibility.

It will be recalled that the defendant originally pleaded compulsion, inasmuch as he had been completely dominated by a person of preternatural powers, called "the man from Egypt." Later this plea was withdrawn, and the de-

defendant confessed "premeditation, intent and motive" in the crime charged in the indictment, denied that he was, or had ever been, insane, expressed deep repentance, and asked for speedy punishment. But it was urged in his behalf by counsel that, from boyhood, he had been cruel, vindictive, untruthful, thieving and dissolute. Exculpation was not asked on the ground of ignorance; on the contrary, it was admitted that the defendant was well aware of the turpitude of his acts. "He knew what he was doing, and he knew that it was wrong." Nevertheless he had never been able to refrain for any considerable period from the commission of acts which he thoroughly condemned. It was argued that these facts showed the accused to be afflicted with a form of insanity which, leaving the intellect practically normal, impairs or wholly destroys the freedom of the will; in other words, that he was "morally insane" or "a moral imbecile."

MORAL IMBECILITY

Judge Shearn held that the plea was inadmissible under the New York Code. If the accused had committed an act which he knew to be wrong, he was amenable to the law. This section of the charge, presented with much force and clearness, in substance is as follows:

The defense claims that this man is a moral imbecile. Now, gentlemen, no such plea as moral imbecility is admissible under the law. It may be known to the medical profession, but not to the law. The statutes of this State say that the act of an idiot, or of an insane person, is not a crime, but that to be excusable, a person must be laboring under such a defect of the reason, that he did not know the nature and quality of his act, and did not know that it was wrong.

It is not a defense to say that one is an habitual criminal, or that he is a pervert, or that he is a selfish monster, or that he has a torpid moral sense. There is a difference between moral incapacity and moral indifference, and moral indifference is not insanity. Did the defendant know the nature and quality of his act? Did he know that it was wrong? This means, did he know that it was against the laws of the State in which he lived, and contrary to the commonly accepted standards of morality which we call the law of God?

The question is not, whether he is sane, but whether he was responsible under the test prescribed by law; that is, did he know the nature and quality of his act, and know that it was wrong.

In its clear refusal to excuse the habitual criminal on the ground that he is necessarily insane, or to admit that the greater the crime the smaller the responsibility, this charge shows an admirable freedom from the newer heresies in criminology. It is interesting to note, in this era of pathological research, that the charge positively disallows the existence in law of a form of mental disease, in which the will rather than the intellect is deranged. Following the accepted theory, based, no doubt, on "The Rules in the Mac-naughtan Case," it affirms that the test of criminal responsibility is knowledge "of the nature and quality of the act" at the time of its commission. Contrary to the current newspaper comment, there is no novelty in this decision. Since the time of Coke, one of the first of moderns to treat of the legal aspects of insanity, the test of responsibility has been made to turn upon the defendant's knowledge of the quality of his act. Insanity has therefore been defined, from a legal standpoint, as "a deranged mental condition, such as deprives a person of the capacity to comprehend the nature and consequences of a particular act."

KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM

On the other hand, it is a definite postulate in law, that without a free act of the will, there can be no crime. It would seem, then, by a presumption of law, that the will is free if the intellect is normal, and that knowledge of

the quality of an act connotes freedom to avoid that act. As Judge Shearn intimated, this doctrine does not commend itself universally to the medical fraternity. Many pathologists admit the possibility of a morbid condition, transient or chronic, which deprives the patient of the capacity to control his acts, without affecting to any notable degree the intellectual processes. Such a patient might reason as admirably as St. Thomas on morality in general, and on the morality of a particular act presented to his consideration, but he could neither be praised nor blamed for anything that he might happen to do. The reason is plain. Premising sufficient knowledge, moral responsibility is induced by the self-determination of the will. In the present hypothesis, knowledge would be present, but the will would either be impeded in its power of choice, or completely destroyed. The subject is afflicted with an insanity which destroys the will, leaving the intellect untouched. Granted the hypothesis, the question of moral responsibility is easily settled. There is none. But does such a variety of insanity exist?

The answer depends upon our knowledge of the nature of insanity, and that, as pathologists confess, is far from complete. The Catholic pathologist, Pilcz, remarks that while the difference between an animal-like idiot as one extreme, and a scholar like Pasteur as another, is palpable, yet "there are no definite, rigid boundaries between mental disease and mental health, but only gradual transitions." Definitions have been attempted, but all are admitted to be inadequate. Tuke, however, after describing insanity as "a symptom of disease of the brain inducing disordered mental symptoms," holds that this morbid condition is characterized by "the obliteration, impairment or perversion of one or more of its (the brain's) psychical functions," and Hammond likewise notes that insanity is accompanied "by a general or partial derangement of one or more of the mental processes." Moral insanity would be readily allowed by either definition.

NORMAL INTELLECT AND WILL

A summary of the relations of intellect and will in the normal subject may facilitate the application of these observations. The will may be briefly defined as the faculty of choice. "Its specific act, when it is in full exercise, consists in selecting, by the light of reason, its object from among the various particular, conflicting aims of all the tendencies and faculties of our nature; its object is the good in general; its prerogative is choosing among different forms of good." (Maher.) The scholastics were fond of calling the will a "blind" faculty, by which it was implied that the function of the will is not speculation, but action. Judgment, reasoning, reflection and self-consciousness, are within the province of the intellect. "In judgment, the intellect perceives the identity or discordance of two concepts; by reasoning, it apprehends the connection between conclusion and premise; in reflection and self-consciousness, it affirms the identity of the knowing subject and the object known." (Maher.) Speculation is left to the intellect, and the will, acting upon the knowledge thus obtained, freely determines itself. Normally, therefore, formal choice is preceded by formal deliberation.

These processes are typical of the normal mind, the intellect preceding in its quest of truth, and the will following in its self-determination, in the light afforded by the intellect. A description of them is like the report of the mechanical engineer on the smooth operation of an automobile, before the small boy drops a monkey-wrench into the interior of the delicate mechanism. The machine stops. It may be for one or many reasons. No parts are missing, but their coordination has been disturbed. Similarly, when disease drops into man's mental machinery, sanity stops. It may be for one,

or for several reasons. The man is still a man, but there is lack of coordination between his mental and his physical parts. The learned disquisitions of the psychologists, patient and detailed, are of value, perhaps, in planning a reconstruction, but they no longer accurately describe the workings of a mind overthrown.

A SPECULATIVE QUESTION

For the moralist, the question of moral insanity is largely if not wholly, speculative. When the intellect is patently absent, both moral and legal responsibility lapse. If so impaired that the subject "does not know the nature and quality of the act, that it is wrong," the patient is not amenable to the law; there may, or may not, be some degree of moral responsibility, although, generally speaking, formal moral guilt is not imputable. When the will, the power of choice, is in question, the matter is not so clear. It may be said that every form of insanity weakens the will, and to this extent lessens moral responsibility; indeed, if the mental disorder destroys the power of choice, there is no moral responsibility whatever. Finally, it seems intrinsically possible that disease can bear directly upon the will, forcing the subject to the commission of acts condemned by the intellect, which remains normal, as criminal. Catholic psychologists commonly hold that a thoroughly normal intellect cannot coexist with a complete absence of the power of choice. Many pathologists hold that it can, and their view has been accepted in some jurisdictions. According to Renter in the "Encyclopedia of English Laws," the criminal codes of Queensland and the Cape of Good Hope provide that "a person is not criminally responsible for an act, if at the time of doing it, he was in such a state of mental disease as to deprive him of the capacity to control his acts," and the same authority states that "on the continent of Europe, moral insanity and irresistible impulse are freely recognized as exculpatory pleas." It should be remembered, however, that the existence of insanity in this form has yet to receive satisfactory demonstration.

POSSIBILITY OF ABUSE

In comparison with these liberal provisions, the common ruling, as stated by Judge Shearn, may seem unduly narrow. But insanity as a rightful plea in defense stands in no danger of exclusion from our American courts. The peril lies rather in too indulgent an interpretation of its validity. "In cases of the so-called moral insanity," writes Pilcz, "one must be unusually skeptical, if one is to avoid favoring the introduction of the most dangerous abuses into the administration of justice." There is a world of needed wisdom in this counsel. In our erudite day, the Sunday supplement, with its cheerful disregard for facts and principles, is a forum for all criminal cases, and under the influence of the pathologists some of us are beginning to believe that sin is an error of mortal mind, to be eliminated by declaring that it does not exist. But whatever the pathologists may teach us, in the life of the normal man, sin and responsibility for sin must remain facts as certain as the fact of his subjection to the law of God.

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

An attempt of the St. Louis Board of Education to discriminate against Catholic schools was recently overruled by Judge Hennings of the Circuit Court. The Board had refused to admit a graduate of a Catholic high school to the Harris Teachers' College, a training school for public school teachers, on the same favorable terms granted to public high school graduates. The demurrer of the Board of Education was founded

upon the claim that the Harris Teachers' College was not part of the public school system. Though the Board actually conducts the school, it is not directed by law to do so. The Judge's decision reads:

An advanced school, maintained by taxes for school purposes, can no more be conducted for some to the exclusion of others with equal qualification than can any other school. To do so would be contrary to natural right and the manifest purpose of those paying taxes for school purposes.

The petition to admit the Catholic pupil on equal terms with public-school graduates had been signed by thirty-eight taxpayers before it was submitted to the Board of Education.

Announcement is made of a number of retreats for laymen and women to be given at Techny, Illinois, by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. Ample opportunity is afforded for all to partake of this renewal of the spiritual life. Retreats for men and young men will be given in English, July 6-9 and July 27-30; in German, July 13-16. Retreats for women will occur in the following order: a German retreat for both married and unmarried women, June 29-July 2; an English retreat for married women, July 9-12; and two English retreats for unmarried women, July 20-23 and August 3-6. Application for the men's retreats are to be made to St. Mary's Mission House, and for the women's to St. Ann's Home, Techny, Illinois. Announcement is also made of a special retreat for women teachers at St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J., under the auspices of the Catholic Teachers' Guild, July 9-12. Similar teachers' retreats are annually given at Brentwood, L. I., and at Boston.

Our Catholic musical inheritance is widely utilized by secular organizations. A favorite production is Verdi's "Requiem Mass," which has frequently been presented by opera companies and choral societies, but never perhaps on so large a scale as in the first outdoor presentation of it in New York under the auspices of the National Open Air Festival Society. The chorus consisted of 1,200 singers selected from among the leading choral societies of New York, the accompaniments were played by an orchestra of 120 and among the soloists were four world-wide celebrities: Giovanni Zenatello, Mme. Maria Gay, Miss Lucille Lawrence and Léon Rothier. All these immense forces were under the leadership of Mr. Louis Koemmenich. To make it possible to carry out the production "on a scale of magnitude such as will inaugurate a new era in the musical development of this country," the New York Polo Grounds were chosen and a huge stage constructed with a sounding-board large enough to reflect the sound of the many voices. It was an ambitious undertaking crowned with deserved success.

Referring to the statement of a Harvard Professor that Washington was a rather dull and a decidedly badly-educated man, a writer in *Our Town*, the Greenwich magazine newspaper, says:

To think and to say a smart thing or a "new thing" doesn't amount to a very great deal. To think and to act true things does amount to greatness itself. Book-learning and quickness of wits enable a man to think and say clever, witty things, often so expressed as to pass as "new." But they do not even help toward the truth, which is always as old as the hills, nor toward acting in conformity with the old truth with the fortitude and fidelity of a really great man.

Washington's greatness, as Lincoln's, is a matter of character rather than of achievement, large as were the achievements of both. Neither of them can be placed beside the world's greatest intellects. But their place is not below the intellectually great of the world, it is above, very far above them.

Education is an invaluable asset for life. Lincoln's struggle to educate himself amid the most adverse and discouraging circumstances only brings home more strongly the truth of the

adage that knowledge is power. But education without morality and religion, education without character is likely to be a danger and a bane to civilization. Character without brilliancy may achieve great things. Brilliancy without character is the ruin of men and of nations.

Religious bigotry not seldom overreaches itself. Such apparently was the case when recently it culminated, at St. Augustine, Florida, in the imprisonment of three Catholic Sisters under the heinous charge of having taught colored children, in their Catholic school, the knowledge and love of God. The act of violence, perpetrated under cover of the law, in a city where three and a half centuries ago, in 1565, the first Mass was said, can hardly fail to be without its good effects. The bitter intolerance which stretched out its hands against virgins consecrated to God and the service of their neighbor inevitably led to a decision of the Circuit Court freeing the Sisters and declaring unconstitutional the law under which such an abomination had occurred. It could hardly fail, moreover, to arouse intelligent interest in the Catholic Church. The words of the Bishop of St. Augustine, quoted in the *New Orleans Morning Star*, tell of an experience that does not surprise us:

During my two years as Bishop I have given Confirmation in many places, in fact, all over the State, and your readers will be glad to know that I have never yet administered the Sacrament without having converts to the Faith in the class. Here's a paradox for you: some of those converts trace the occasion of their first turning to the Church to the campaign of vilification now going on. They started to inquire; they read Catholic books; they discovered the truth of the Church and the falsity of the tramp spouters, and today those searchers after truth are Catholics. I have told the bigots already, and I tell them again, that we Catholics know no fear. When they are all dead and gone and absolutely forgotten the Catholic Church will be here doing God's work as she is doing it today. She worries as much about them as does the silvery moon about the barking puppy on the porch.

Doubtless much harm can be done during their brief day by anti-patriotic cliques of the Guardians of Liberty stamp and by weather-vane politicians such as the Governor of Florida who enforced unconstitutional law against defenseless women who are revered by angels and men. Yet by God's power these evils can often be turned into blessings. They can help to unite Catholics, to stir them to action, to inflame them with zeal and, through the interest created, to bring the truths of the Church to the knowledge of many who are groping toward the light.

The *Ozanam Bulletin* publishes an article by the late Thomas M. Mulry on the Ozanam Association. Organized in 1908, the Association has already established nine club houses devoted "to training to right character the boys of Catholic faith in the congested localities of New York City." Referring to this splendid work the great Vincentian wrote:

Let us always recollect that "God helps those who help themselves"; hence, we must expect no sympathy if we stand idly by with folded arms, weakly indifferent to all that goes on about us, allowing others to take our boys from us and providing them with that which it is the bounden duty of Catholics to furnish. Let us take care of our Catholic boys; let us provide them with that for which they naturally crave, and they will not be found going elsewhere and eventually drifting away from the faith of their forefathers. That many of our young men in the past have fallen away from the faith through influences which might quite readily have been counteracted, is unquestionably most mortifying and heart-rending. It will not suffice, however, for us simply to grieve over the past. If we are to effect any change we must, aided by the experience of the past, make such provisions for the future that history will not repeat itself.

Abundant recruits for this work, he believed, should go forth from our Catholic colleges and universities. "If they do not, then had these centers of education better change their cur-

riculum." If they fail to teach practical self-sacrifice and to inculcate this spirit into the minds and hearts of their students, "then the sooner they retire from business, the better for the cause of religion." These are strong words from one who was himself, after the example of his Master, the meekest of men.

The following table indicates the actual condition of Protestantism in the various Latin-American countries. It was officially prepared by the Panama Commission on "Survey and Occupation," on whose executive committee was Dr. H. K. Carroll. Only the totals are given here, but they will suffice to form an accurate estimate of Protestant activity. Column I represents the total number of foreign missionaries, including men and women and the foreign missionary physicians; column II, the native Latin-American Protestant missionaries, ordained and unordained, men and women; column III, the number of full communicants; column IV, the "Christian adherents, baptized and unbaptized" of all ages; column V, the Sunday-school membership, and column VI, the number of missionary societies, American and British, engaged in the respective countries. Only one Continental society is included:

	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
Argentine Republic.....	259	226	6,407	3,550	5,725	15
Chile.....	148	142	5,715	4,493	7,081	9
Uruguay.....	29	29	1,195	2,700	1,153	6
Paraguay.....	33	11	119	66	142	6
Brazil.....	289	343	31,948	8,590	10,215	13
Bolivia.....	59	2	87	71	77	6
Peru.....	47	62	1,326	383	1,170	6
Ecuador.....	24	8	40	19	30	5
Dutch Guiana.....	88	409	7,786	20,330	2,026	1
British Guiana.....	102	287	20,049	2,853	5,624	12
Venezuela.....	14	8	117	305	165	5
Colombia.....	22	89	326	1,203	558	4
Central America, including Panama.....	129	296	8,774	8,469	8,984	14
Mexico.....	216	598	19,518	24,193	13,687	15
Lesser Antilles and Bahamas.....	126	664	82,308	277,557	55,339	9
Porto Rico.....	184	233	12,142	4,694	19,567	13
Haiti and Santo Domingo.....	31	70	2,908	7,062	1,540	8
Jamaica.....	119	541	45,232	51,355	38,482	11
Cuba.....	141	193	11,105	4,154	10,560	12

The total number of foreign Protestant missionaries in all these countries is 2,010. They are divided as follows: Ordained missionaries, 700; physicians, men and women, 34; lay male missionaries, not physicians, 280; married women, not physicians, 580; unmarried women and widows, not physicians, 418. The total number of native, Latin-American Protestant missionaries is 4,161. They are thus divided: Ordained men, 566; unordained men, preachers, teachers and other workers, 2,540; women missionaries, consisting of Bible women, teachers and other workers, 1,055. There are 575 stations with resident foreign missionaries and 1,963 sub-stations having regular work. The church organizations number 1,982, the full communicants, 257,103, and the adherents, 421,937. There are 35 theological, normal and training schools, 101 boarding and high schools and 1,000 elementary and village schools. The total contributions of Latin Americans in United States gold are estimated at \$919,808. Medical missions have been established in nine of the Latin-American countries. Mexico has one hospital and five dispensaries and Porto Rico three hospitals and nine dispensaries under Protestant control. Naturally these interesting statistics are not complete, since it was impossible for the Commission to secure returns from all the missionary societies, but they are sufficiently suggestive of the work that is being done by the various Protestant denominations. Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and the City of Mexico have been selected for the founding of universities, and a college is to be erected at Panama. Theological seminaries and publishing agencies are to be established in seven leading cities. A seminary is to be opened during the coming autumn in the City of Mexico and the several mission presses of Buenos Aires are to be consolidated into one large establishment. For a correct perspective we must take into account the population of these Latin-American countries, which often mounts up into the millions. Thus Colombia has 5,000,000 inhabitants, Central America 6,000,000, Peru 4,000,000, Uruguay 2,000,000, and Brazil as many as 25,000,000.